

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIX. }

No. 2517. — September 24, 1892.

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Vol. CXCIV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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"BONJOUR, PIERROT."

HE stood beneath her casement dim,
Simple Pierrot!
Phrynette looked out and smiled at him,
"Bonjour, Pierrot!"
'Twas but a word, a flow'r she wore,
And he is hers forevermore;
And wheresoe'er his steps may go,
He hears her call, "Bonjour, Pierrot!"

So time ran on, and they were wed,
Simple Pierrot!
The sun shone blessings on his head,
Happy Pierrot!
And happily he toiled all day,
"Phrynette is watching," he would say;
And life went by with happy flow;
"Sweetheart Phrynette!" "Sweetheart
Pierrot!"

But once he came; he climbed the stair,
Happy Pierrot!
He knows Phrynette is waiting there,
Happy Pierrot!
But, ah! the nest is dark and lone,
His bird is gone, Phrynette is flown!
Only these words, "Forgive, forget;
Good-bye, Pierrot, forgive Phrynette!"

Hark, hark, the drum! The trumpets blow!
The battle calls, and he will go;
For what is life when love is o'er?
Phrynette! — Phrynette is his no more!
And what of all her broken vow?
Too late, too late, she loves him now;
Too late to weep, too late regret,
Pierrot is dead! "Good-bye, Phrynette!"

FREDERIC E. WEATHERLEY.

Temple Bar.

THE SADNESS OF SUMMER.

THEY said, "The leaves of Autumn fall
In yellow clouds upon the grass;
Are whirled 'gainst the grey house-wall,
And patter down the window glass."
They said, "The chestnut-tree is bare,
And through its boughs the breezes wail,
And grief and gloom are everywhere,
Because the summer glories fail: —
The saddest season, this," they said —
"The year a-dying, the leaves all dead!"
I said, "The leaves drift down the air,
The green lies rotting in the wet,
The summer boughs are black and bare —
I know a sadder season yet!"

They said, "The Winter days are cold,
And all the sweet-faced flowers are dead;
The year is getting weak and old,
There is no life in it," they said.
The sun uprises in a haze,
And runs a pale and weakly round,
And glimmers through the short-lived days,
And sinks beneath the frosted ground:

Is this the saddest time?" they said,
"The birds and the flowers and the year
all dead!"

"Haply," I said, "'tis sad to die;
But still our griefs we may forget,
As in a dreamless sleep we lie;
I know a sadder season yet!"

They cried, "We hear the thrushes sing,
The cuckoo calling long and loud;
The tender leaves of sunny Spring
Have fallen like an emerald cloud
On wood and field; and here and there
The primrose and the bluebells bloom,
And life and love is everywhere,
And banished is the Winter's gloom.
Our ears with song are surfeited —
Come, say if Spring is sad!" they said.
I said, "I hear the wild birds sing,
And smell sweet beds of violet;
But, though a mystic grief they bring,
I know a sadder season yet!"

They said, "The Summer heat has come;
The landscape quivers in the haze;
And, in the glades, the insect hum
Recalls the by-gone summer days!
The greenfinch, from the green-leaved tree,
Is droning out his wistful call;
The swallows chatter merrily,
Their nests are on the sunlit wall.
Some duller season name instead,
And say not this is sad!" they said.
I said, "I feel the heated air
Hang heavy with the breath of flowers,
Nor can conceive a world more fair
Than this, in these sweet summer hours!"
I said, "I see the swallows wheel,
And hear the distant landrail call
Across the corn; and yet I feel
This is the saddest time of all!
There is no grief like Summer's grief!
The yearning, born of summer sky,
The sorrow of a summer leaf, —
How great! And oft I wonder why!"
Temple Bar. A. I. MUNTZ.

HEART-STORMS.

THE shadow of night is falling,
But the shore is sunlit yet;
Oh, tranquil tide, what a flood you bear
Of bitter and wild regret!

When the storm your waves uplifted,
When the wind was wet with spray,
My heart was eased of its long dull ache,
And I looked from my grief away.

'Tis when all is calm and peaceful,
When at rest the whole world lies,
That the heart is stirred with a storm unseen,
And utters its lonely cries.
Chambers' Journal. P. W. ROOSE.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

ALTHOUGH America was no more discovered than Rome was built in a day, yet October 12, 1492, may fitly serve as the representative date of what has been well described as a process rather than an event. On that day Columbus first set foot on transatlantic land, and his doing so proved decisive for the spread westward of European civilization. Events, indeed, might easily have been directed otherwise. The incident might under slightly altered circumstances have remained isolated, and devoid of momentous consequences, like so many others in the history of geographical exploration; and it seemed at first to mark no more than the opening of a long series of tentative gropings after facts confirmatory of a false theory. Nevertheless, as things turned out, that solemn disembarkation of a little band of white men on the palm-fringed shore of Guanahani really typified the effective discovery of the new continent.

Its effective, not its formal, discovery. Columbus, like most other innovators in the realms of knowledge and thought, had been anticipated. "Wineland the Good" was no creation of Norse fancy, no shimmering region between sea and sky, where The Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze,

but a concrete strip of coast-land, of approximately assignable latitude and longitude, washed perhaps by the same waters in which, one night of December in the year 1773, an obnoxious cargo of tea was memorably engulfed. And the recent erection at Boston of a monument to Leif

Eriksen has lent a kind of official sanction to the claim of that dashing sea-rover to take rank as the pioneer of the Aryan race on American soil.

His exploit, although a considerable one, fell in quite naturally with the sequence of preceding events. The overthrow of the Jarls of Norway by Harold Haarfagr drove those restless spirits among them who could not brook the fixed order of a consolidated kingdom, to seek their fortunes outside its bounds; and an exodus ensued more disastrous than plague or famine to many helpless populations. One of the few tranquil episodes in its eventful history was the settlement of Iceland in 874. Thence, by stress of weather, land further west was certain, sooner or later, to be reached; and it actually fell out within two years that one Gunnbjörn found himself ice-bound for the winter in one of the fiords near Cape Farewell. A century and more passed, however, before the unalluring possibility of adventure in this direction was followed up. It was the outlawry for homicide of Erik the Red in 983 that led to his exploring and colonizing expedition to the frigid peninsula visited by Gunnbjörn. He made his headquarters by the upper Igaliko fiord, near the site of the modern Julianashaab, and there "upon a smooth, grassy plain may still be seen the ruins of seventeen houses built of rough blocks of sandstone, their chinks caulked up with clay and gravel," the dwellings, nine hundred years ago, of the first European settlers in the Western hemisphere. The spot was one of the few in that dismal region where nature wore now and then even the semblance of a smile; and Erik called it "Greenland," somewhat, it may be admitted, on the same advertising principle of nomenclature followed by General Choke and Mr. Scadder in the designation of the "Eden Settlement." And the name, extended from one of its choicest corners to the whole frost-bound country, survives as if in mockery of the grim reality.

From Greenland, the continent of America was attained in precisely the same casual way that Greenland itself had been attained from Iceland. Thus Bjarni Her-

* 1. *The Discovery of America*. With some account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By John Fiske. In 2 vols. London: 1892.

2. *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Edited by Justin Winsor. In 8 vols. London: 1885-89.

3. *Christopher Columbus, and how he received and imparted the Spirit of Discovery*. By Justin Winsor. London: 1890.

4. *Christophe Colomb, son Origine, sa Vie, ses Voyages, sa Famille, et ses Découvertes*. Etudes d'Histoire Critique. Par Henry Harrisse. Deux tomes. Paris: 1884.

5. *The North Americans of Antiquity*. By John T. Short. Second edition. New York: 1880.

6. *Prehistoric America*. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. Translated by N. d'Anvers. London: 1885.

julfsen, drifting under cover of a fog, in 986, outside the limits of the known world, sighted the densely wooded shore of Maine or Nova Scotia, but had not the curiosity to land, and made little of his adventure. Its significance was not, however, lost upon Leif, son of the homicidal Erik, a thoughtful and strenuous man, not devoid of grasp upon the present and insight into the future. A trip to Norway in 998 brought about his conversion to Christianity; he carried missionaries back with him to Greenland; then, in the year 1000, equipped a "dragon ship" for a journey to the west. His first landfall was most likely somewhere in Labrador; and he named the country, from its dreary and stone-strewn aspect, "Helluland," *i.e.*, "slate land." Further south, the explorers disembarked on the sylvan shore of the so-called "Markland," plausibly identified with some part either of Cape Breton Island or of Nova Scotia; but the dense forest-growth did not encourage tarrying, and they determined to draw another lot out of the lap of the sea. This time they were in luck. A short run before a stiff north-easter brought them to a fertile strand where the waters abounded with excellent fish, fields waved yellow with maize, and wild vines, in that autumnal season, drooped under a heavy burden of grapes. They called the place accordingly "Vinland," and wintered there in great comfort.

Leif's return to Greenland with a cargo of timber prompted sundry colonizing efforts, notably an energetic one by Thorfinn Karlsefni; and since the natives, who seem to have been Algonquin Indians, eagerly bartered rich furs for worthless strips of scarlet cloth, trade with them was exceedingly profitable. These "Skraelings," as they are designated in the Sagas, were terribly afraid of the strange beasts brought from over the sea; and the bellying of Thorfinn's bull on one occasion sent them into hiding for three weeks. Yet their hostility ended by becoming formidable, and led, in the course of twelve years, to the abandonment of this early attempt to secure a foothold for a European race on the western continent. Vinland became a dim tradition. The

adventures encountered there by the vikings of old were recounted, century after century, by Icelandic firesides, but kindled no emulative zeal. Only a certain priest, named Erik Gnupsen, having been appointed by Pope Paschal II. "bishop of Greenland and Vinland in *partibus infidelium*," set out in 1121 to search for the more remote section of his diocese. He never returned, that the chroniclers were aware of; and the presumption is strong that he perished on the journey.

From Greenland, too, the outposts of civilization were eventually withdrawn. The native Esquimaux, known only by archæological traces to the comrades of Erik the Red, again, in course of time, migrated southward, and before the close of the fifteenth century overwhelmed the intruders into their forsaken haunts. The massive ruin, however, of what was once the cathedral church of Gardar remains, and will probably long remain, standing by the melancholy fiord of Kakortok, a conspicuous memorial of antique Christian occupation. Only in the eighteenth century the devastation was to some extent repaired by the planting of fresh settlements along the barely habitable coasts fringing the glaciated central mass of the peninsula.

The Vinland of the Sagas may be located with some confidence on the shore of Massachusetts Bay. In the neighborhood of Cape Cod the fox-grape still ripens freely, and Indian corn unsheaths its tasselled ears almost spontaneously. The mildness of the winter climate, besides, and the length of the winter days, which excited the comments of unaccustomed Icelanders, suggest a region certainly not more inclement than New England. But material vestiges of this curious adventure in colonization are scanty, or non-existent. Only by a stretch of romantic credulity are we even allowed to suppose that the "skeleton in armor," dug up many years ago near Fall River, and sung of by Longfellow in a spirited ballad, represented the genuine remains of some slain comrade of Thorfinn or of Thorvald.

The Norse discovery of America remained absolutely barren of results. The

records of it assumed, as time went on, a legendary air. They were not discredited, but just inferences from them were ignored. The performance, in fact, came to nothing, because it came too soon. There was not knowledge enough in men's minds to serve as a measure of its importance. That "the merry world was round" was not even a general conviction. Indeed, the possibility of antipodal existence ranked merely as a learned extravagance of opinion. Besides, the geographical inquisitiveness of modern times had not then begun to develop; nor, in the backward state of navigation, could much satisfaction have been procured for it, had it been as full-fledged and keen-witted as it is now. All this is admirably explained by Mr. Fiske in the able work named at the head of this article. It is learned in substance, and lucid in style; and condenses a vast amount of varied information into a skilfully constructed and agreeable narrative.

None of the Icelandic references to Markland and Vinland [we read in it] betray a consciousness that these countries belong to a geographical world outside of Europe. There was not enough organized geographical knowledge for that. They were simply conceived as remote places beyond Greenland, inhabited by inferior but dangerous people. The accidental finding of such places served neither to solve any great commercial problem nor to gratify and provoke scientific curiosity. It was, therefore, not at all strange that it bore no fruit. (Vol. i., p. 257.)

Moreover —

even if it had been realized, and could have been duly proclaimed throughout Europe, that across the broad Atlantic a new world lay open for colonization, Europe could not have taken advantage of the fact. Now and then a ship might make its way, or be blown, across the waste of waters without compass or astrolabe; but until these instruments were at hand anything like systematic ocean navigation was out of the question; and from a colonization which could only begin by creeping up into the Arctic seas and taking Greenland on the way, not much was to be expected after all.

The westward tendency of the "star of empire," too, was, in the eleventh century, very far from being recognized.

In so far [our present authority continues] as the attention of people in Europe was called to any quarter of the globe outside of the seething turbulence in which they dwelt, it was directed toward Asia. Until after 1492, Europe stood with her back toward the Atlantic. What there might be out beyond that "Sea of Darkness" (*Mare Tenebrosum*), as it used commonly to be called, was a question of little interest, and seems to have excited no speculation. In the view of mediæval Europe the inhabited world was cut off on the west by this mysterious ocean, and on the south by the burning sands of Sahara; but eastward it stretched out no one knew how far, and in that direction dwelt tribes and nations which Europe, from time immemorial, had reason to fear. (Vol. i., p. 260.)

The process by which the direction of outlook came to be reversed was slow and complex. First of all, the conquests of Genghis Khan cleared the way to Cathay — so China was designated from the ruling dynasty of the *Khitai*; and thus it came to European knowledge that the country was bounded on the east, not by the Ptolemaic swamp —

neither sea

Nor good dry land —

but by a navigable ocean. The bearers of this noteworthy intelligence, about the middle of the thirteenth century, were two Franciscan monks, Giovanni Carpini and Willem de Rubruquis, emissaries to the great khan from pope Innocent IV. and St. Louis of France, respectively. Then came the voyage of Ser Marco Polo, bringing experimental verification of the fact; while its significance was implied by Roger Bacon's citation of ancient opinions to the effect that, between the Pillars of Hercules and the Indian mainland, stretched one wide, yet by no means immeasurable or impassable, sea. It was this fortunately conceived and fortunately promulgated error that led to the discovery of America. For Columbus, enthusiast though he was, would never have pursued the setting sun across the sea of darkness unless he had been convinced that, on the other side, lay a land of light. Exploration in the abstract inspired him with no passion. He had a definite purpose in view; his eyes were fixed on a goal which he deemed it a certainty to

reach. A vague journey in search of an unknown continent never for a moment entered into his thoughts; nor, if it had, would he have ventured to demand the means for its accomplishment from the sagacious counsellors of Isabella. And assuredly, had his years of supplication been protracted from eight to eighty, not a ship, not a man, not a maravedi, would have been placed at his disposal in the interests of so foolhardy a design. What he sought, then, was not a new world, but a new way.

The need of finding that new way grew up as the result of the havoc wrought by the Turks. Commerce with the East had been rendered by the Crusades a European necessity; it was interrupted by the encampment of a horde of armed nomads on the long lines of communication connecting Italy with India and Cathay. The Mediterranean was thus, for the first time in history, virtually converted into a *cul de sac*; a state of things intolerable to irresistibly growing enterprise, for which, accordingly, means of exit had to be found, if not across Armenia or by Alexandria, then out between the Pillars of Hercules. There was nothing else for it. The opening up of an outside route to the Indies had become a condition *sine qua non* of progress.

A more startling question [Mr. Fiske remarks, than that of its possibility] has seldom been propounded; for it involved a radical departure from the grooves in which the human mind had been running ever since the days of Solomon. Two generations of men lived and died while this question was taking shape, and all that time Cathay and India and the islands of Spices were objects of increasing desire, clothed by eager fancy with all manner of charms and riches. The more effectually the eastern Mediterranean was closed, the stronger grew the impulse to venture upon unknown paths, in order to realize the vague but glorious hopes that began to cluster about those unknown countries. Such an era of romantic enterprise as was thus ushered in the world has never seen before or since. (Vol. I., p. 294.)

Portugal led the way under the guidance of Prince Henry the Navigator, whose Plantagenet descent on the mother's side — for he was a grandson of John of Gaunt — Englishmen may be proud to remember. He was a man who had convictions, and the courage of them. He believed, for instance, in spite of Ptolemy, in the Cape of Good Hope. Totally rejecting the landlocked theory of the Indian Sea, he laid the great stake of his life's ef-

fectiveness on the possibility of reaching its waters by circumnavigating Africa. Urged by religion and patriotism, he devoted all his powers to the realization of the idea by which he was possessed, and not in vain. For it was he who gave the impulse which carried the flag of Portugal triumphantly round the "Cabo Tormentorio" to Calicut and Malacca. But this brilliant consummation of his labors he did not live to witness. When he died in 1463 the tropical continent had been slowly and painfully coasted no farther than to Sierra Leone. The crossing of the line by Santarem and Escobar soon afterwards (in 1471) dissipated prevalent bogey terrors connected with the torrid zone, but brought discouragement of a more serious kind. For the eastward trend of the Gold Coast, by which expectations of a speedy passage to Orient realms had for a time been flattered, was then found not to continue. Far on, immeasurably far on towards the south, the unwelcome land lay extended, inexorably barring the way against sea-borne explorers. Was then Prince Henry's lifelong hope after all delusive? Could it be that the Ptolemaic configuration of the globe hit the truth, and that access there was none from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean? A slackening of enterprise might, under the shadow of so dispiriting a doubt, well be excused; although other circumstances doubtless contributed to produce the pause that ensued. A perceptible reflux of thought, moreover, from the long-cherished project of an African periplus marked the interval; and before it came to an end Christopher Columbus had fully matured his ideas on the subject of an alternative route to the Indies.

About six hundred books, it is estimated, have been written about this extraordinary personage, individually and expressly, besides innumerable others treating of his career as part of a more general subject. Yet we are very little, if at all, the wiser. The respectable edifice of early biography has been undermined where it has not been utterly overthrown, and materials for rebuilding it on a surer foundation are not at present forthcoming. Destructive criticism has played havoc with much that had seemed well ascertained, and has thickly sprinkled with the dust of doubt statements which it has not found the means of actually disproving, the result being that very few circumstances connected with the life of Columbus stand free from the critical note of interrogation.

The champion of the cause of negation is Mr. Henry Harrisse, a Franco-American scholar of distinguished attainments and indefatigable industry. His arguments against the authenticity of the biography, professing to be the work of Columbus's son, Ferdinand, but known only in an Italian version published at Venice in 1571, were formulated one-and-twenty years ago. Although unreservedly accepted by very few, they have availed to damage on several points the credit of a narrative supposed, until then, to be of fundamental and unalterable authority, and thus to throw the whole subject into apparently hopeless confusion. The controversy has given rise to a still growing literature, but Mr. Harrisse has not retreated by a hair's breadth from his original position. He is a hardy sceptic. He doubts or denies to the utmost limit of what is rational. Yet he has been assiduous in his endeavors to replace what he has removed; and some few grains of fact, hard enough to resist the utmost efforts of critical grinding, he certainly has succeeded in extracting from the numerous archives explored by him. The results of many years of patient study are thus embodied in the two bulky volumes of his "*Christophe Colomb*," cited among our authorities; and they are indeed of primary importance to inquirers judicious enough to make proper allowance for their hyper-negative tendencies.

The only considerable recent English work on Columbus is that by Mr. Justin Winsor. Favorably known as the judicious editor of a monumental "*History of America*," the author was exceptionally well prepared for the task subsequently undertaken. His book, accordingly, contains much valuable information, and attests a complete command of the bibliography of the subject. The portraits and antique maps with which it is copiously illustrated are also highly interesting. The style of writing is not indeed always correct, and the method of arrangement leaves something to be desired. But these are venial faults; a more serious defect is the imperfect appreciation betrayed throughout of the singular and complex character attempted to be portrayed. The work suffers not from the *lues Boswelliana*, but from its opposite. We hear far too much of the "common clay" of the great discoverer, and far too little of the lofty purposes, the noble and profound emotions, of the spirit it enshrined. Mr. Winsor is disappointed to find Columbus "but a creature of questionable grace,"

and it is too true that he was no unsullied hero of the Cross. Yet it does not follow that his professions were insincere, or his devotion hypocritical. His American appraiser, however, loses no opportunity of treating them with contempt. He fails, indeed, to perceive that the first duty imposed upon him, as the biographer of a man of exceptional genius, is that of endeavoring to rise to the "height of his great argument."

There is no certainty either as to the date or as to the place of the birth of Columbus. The "seven cities" claiming Homer as a native are thrice multiplied in the towns and hamlets competing for the honor of having cradled the "Admiral of the Ocean." He himself, however, plainly asserted his Genoese origin, and, in the absence of documentary proof to the contrary, he should in all fairness be believed. His autobiographical hints are, none the less, both perplexed and perplexing. They seem to imply his birth in the year 1446 or 1447, while the apparently trustworthy statement of Bernaldez that he was seventy at the time of his death antedates the event by fully ten years. But it is likely enough that he seemed a much older man than he really was. What is beyond doubt is that he was the eldest of the four children of Domenico Colombo, a poor, shiftless weaver, never long out of difficulties. Christopher, as he himself relates, went to sea at the age of fourteen; but he must have filled up the intervals of his voyages with weaving or wool-combing, since he is described as by trade a *lanerio* in a notarial act registered at Savona in 1472. The story of his having studied at the University of Pavia may safely be dismissed as apocryphal; nevertheless he managed one way or another to learn some Latin, cosmography, and astronomy.

Enterprising seamen were, in those days, naturally drawn to Portugal. There was the centre of navigating adventure; there the emporium, so to speak, of exploratory talent. And so Columbus followed his brother Bartholomew to Lisbon about the year 1473. His appearance must soon have become familiar to the idlers of the town as he paced along the banks of the Tagus to Belem, or mounted by steep, evil-smelling alleys to catch the sun's last radiance from one of the seven hills of the city of Ulysses. No wearer of hereditary dignities, indeed, could have presented a more striking figure than that of this weaver's son from the Vico Dritto Ponticello in Genoa. His hair, once auburn,

had whitened prematurely; but the fire of youth was in his eyes.

He was a man of noble and commanding presence, tall and powerfully built, with fair, ruddy complexion, and keen, blue-grey eyes that easily kindled, while his waving white hair must have been quite picturesque. His manner was at once courteous and cordial, and his conversation charming, so that strangers were quickly won, and in friends who knew him well he inspired strong affection and respect. There was an indefinable air of authority about him, as befitted a man of great heart and lofty thoughts. Out of those kindling eyes looked a grand and poetic soul, touched with that divine spark of religious enthusiasm which makes true genius. (Fiske, i., 353.)

His livelihood was earned by map-making—a suggestive occupation at that critical epoch to a man of imaginative turn; but he was not long in Lisbon when, having married a daughter* of Bartolommeo Perestrello, a distinguished Italian navigator, he retired with her to the little island of Porto Santo for a year's study and meditation. He emerged from this seclusion dominated by one great and seductive idea.

The Aristotelian doctrine of the globular shape of the earth maintained itself, albeit slighted by the multitude, throughout the Middle Ages. Albertus Magnus and the schoolmen held it fast, and it was taught, among others of the learned, by Roger Bacon and the Cardinal d'Ailly (Petrus Alliatus). With the revival of learning in the fifteenth century it came fully to the front; and was assented to, almost as a matter of course, by all those who recognized the progress of the future in the cult of the past.

The belief [Mr. Justin Winsor says]† carried with it of necessity another—that the east was to be found in the west. Superstition, ignorance, and fear might magnify the obstacles to a passage through that drear Sea of Darkness; but in Columbus's time, in some learned minds at least, there was no distrust as to the accomplishment of such a voyage beyond the chance of obstacles in the way.

Columbus derived from many sources his persuasion that the direct route to the Indies lay across the Atlantic. Cardinal d'Ailly's book, the "*Imago Mundi*" (1410), is known to have influenced him profoundly. Through its means he probably made acquaintance with ancient opinions on the subject; with Seneca's prophetic announcement of an age to

come when there should be no Ultima Thule—with the conjectures and speculations of Strabo and Aristotle, which fell in so appositely with the half-developed intuitions of his own eager intelligence. He read, too, the "*Liber Cosmographicus*" of Albertus Magnus, the "*Speculum Naturale*" of Vincent de Beauvais, and fortified their reasons with the travellers' tales of Mandeville and Marco Polo. At Porto Santo, moreover, stories were rife of flotsam and jetsam from unknown lands. Pieces of timber strangely carved, and by the means, it could be judged, of strange tools, had been picked up; reeds of enormous size, pine-trees of unfamiliar species, had been cast ashore on Fayal and Madeira; nay, human corpses, assignable to no recognized branch of the human family, had been brought by winds and waves to claim remote burial in Flores.

It was, however, a letter from Paolo Toscanelli of Florence which, about 1474, clinched the conviction of the Genoese navigator. The old astronomer expressed absolute assurance as to the possibility of effecting an ocean-transit to Cathay. Had he himself been to and fro several times, he could scarcely have been more confident. Nor did he stop short at bare assertion. He furnished, on the strength of his deductions, sailing directions, and a chart of the route, a copy of which actually served to guide Columbus on his venturesome expedition. Its indications were indeed unduly encouraging, Asia being made to extend right across the section of the globe occupied, in point of fact, by the Pacific Ocean. Thus, the "splendid city of Quinsay" (Hangchow) was situated, by Toscanelli's calculations, not far from the mouth of what we now know as the Columbia River; and the glories of Marco Polo's "Cipango" (representing Japan) were to be found about the region of the Gulf of Mexico. Columbus further improved the situation by considerably undervaluing the size of the globe, and concluded finally that Cipango could be reached by a straight run of twenty-five hundred miles from the Canaries. His estimates of mileage and Toscanelli's of longitude were alike illusory; yet they had their use in helping to conceal from view oppressive or prohibitive truths. They besides, in a secondary and unsuspected sense, corresponded with realities.

So Columbus's mind was made up. He had definitely appropriated a great thought and meant to devote his life to embodying it in a daring enterprise.

* Possibly a granddaughter. The date of the marriage, too, is in dispute.

† Christopher Columbus, p. 119.

Whether he owed the idea to Toscanelli or not [Mr. Fiske justly remarks] is a question of no great importance, so far as concerns his own originality; for the idea was already in the air. The originality of Columbus did not consist in his conceiving the possibility of reaching the shores of Cathay by sailing west, but in his conceiving it in such distinct and practical shape as to be ready to make the adventure in his own person. (Vol. i., p. 365.)

The scientific discoverer, too, must not only apprehend, but accomplish. His work is completed only when he has converted a half-seen possibility into a notorious reality. As Laplace says, "*Le mérite de la découverte d'une vérité appartient tout entier à celui qui la démontre.*" And, in geographical inquiries, demonstration is by exploration.

For eighteen long years Columbus waited, supplicating one monarch after another to accept a hemisphere at the paltry price of a few thousand crowns. The interval, however, brought him manifold experience. He made voyages, in Portuguese ships, to the Gold Coast on one side, to Iceland on the other; and, after quitting Portugal for Spain, lent a hand, not ineffectively, in fighting the Moors. But the vigor of his age was passing, and the object for which he lived seemed as remote as ever. He was poor; some thought him mad, and to the less discerning advisers of Ferdinand and Isabella,* he can scarcely have appeared otherwise than under the unprepossessing aspect of a crotchet-monger and stock bore. Yet he maintained inexorably his high pretensions. The Sibyl herself was not stiffer to bargain with. Viceregal and other dignities should be secured to him and to his heirs forever in the new realms of the Indies. And as for the wealth to be derived from them, his share was already dedicated to defraying the cost of a new crusade, by which the Turks should be driven from Jerusalem. It was not then his to relinquish.

At last, sick with hope deferred, he was about to abandon Spain as, eight years previously, he had abandoned Portugal. Henry VII. had let the chance slip of grasping the empire of the west for England; but Charles VIII. might prove clearer-sighted to the interests of France. So the neglected seer would not yet give way to despair, dark though the outlook was. Its brightening came about in this

way. Columbus had started for the north with his son Diego, but, the boy growing weary and exhausted, he stopped to beg for him a piece of bread and drink of water at the Franciscan monastery of La Rábida, near Palos, in Andalusia. This led to an interview with the prior, Juan Perez, who, in Mr. Fiske's phrase, "had a mind hospitable to new ideas." He was impressed with the commanding personality of his casual, almost destitute, guest, believed in his vision of what lay beyond the imminent ocean, and wrote a letter to the queen by which the balance was inclined in favor of trying if the vision might prove palpable.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, a little fleet of three caravels, only one of them decked from stem to stern, set sail from Palos for Japan. It was manned by ninety despondent or desperate men — released gaol-birds mostly, or insolvent debtors, vagabonds, delinquents, or other scum of seaport existence — with no relish for the task of ascertaining the shape of the world by slipping down its tremendous declivity into nether regions whence no remounting might be possible; to say nothing of the risk, barely escaped, some said, by Harold Hardrada, of toppling sheer over the edge of what was habitable into some dreadful chaos of disorganization. "Happy isles" there might perhaps be out there among the dim billows; indeed, if sailors' yarns deserved any credit, the western ocean was pretty freely sprinkled with them. Antilia,* the island of the Seven Cities, though unvisited in recent times, might, it was thought, be depended upon to exist, while to the north of it lay, somewhat obscured by legendary fog, the island of the Hand of Satan; the isle of St. Brandan, with its colossal inhabitants, and man-eating dogs, though less definite in position, was scarcely less an admitted reality than Teneriffe; and besides an island of the Fountain of Life and sundry others, there was the famous Brazil,† which might be encountered anywhere between the "roaring forties" and the latitude of the Orcaades. But who could hope, steering at random across the great waste of waters in which these lay, to reach any one of them? Nor were there any strong inducements to do so. The possible society of "the great Achilles," at any rate, had no attraction for the unwilling comrades

* Identified by Peter Martyr with the West Indian Archipelago, hence called the "Antilles."

* It should be remembered, however, that many prelates at the Castilian Court, such as Marchena and Quintanilla, were consistently favorable to Columbus.

† The name of the South American country is from "brazil-wood," and is believed to be unconnected with the older designation of the legendary island.

of another Ulysses, continually at his wit's end to avert mutiny and murder by his motley crew, "the curses and the groans" of whom harassed him day and night.

The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,
The compass, like an old friend false at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and the
wind
Still westward, and the weedy seas.

But every prognostic of evil was forgotten
when there came

The landbird, and the branch with berries on
it,
The carven staff — and last the light, the light
On Guanahani!

The uncertainty by which the biographers of Columbus are haunted extends to the identity of the first western shore touched by him. All that can be certainly stated is that Guanahani is one of the Bahamas; to determine which has been the object of many researches, none of them wholly conclusive, since at least half-a-dozen islands in the group still assert plausible claims to the coveted distinction.

The safe return of Columbus to Spain was little short of miraculous. His flagship, the Santa Maria, was wrecked on the shore of Cuba; Martin Pinzon, his second in command, treacherously deserted him with the Pinta; only the little Niña, a half-decked carrack, more fitly to be called a boat than a ship, remained to bring back the admiral and his momentous news. An unprecedented freight, surely, to be committed to so frail a craft, for transportation across a wintry ocean! And it was after unaccountably weathering a furious storm that she at last safely dropped her anchor in Palos harbor, March 15, 1493.

Indescribable excitement followed upon her recognition. The reappearance of Columbus seemed, indeed, rather a resurrection than a return. His success had beggared expectation, and met tumultuous recognition. Honors were showered upon him; the king and queen rose from their thrones to receive him, and bade him be seated in their presence; Isabella wept with joy at his recital; the incredible was verified; the East had been found in the West. He himself entertained not the slightest doubt that he had reached at Cuba the shore of Cathay, and at Hispaniola the sea-girt kingdom of Cipango. And although the looked-for stores of precious stones and metals were not yet forthcoming, and cinnamon-colored sav-

ages replaced the sedate and skilful Orientals of Marco Polo's narrative, there could be no question but that such anomalies would be removed by further exploration. These views were undisputed, and seemed indisputable. It was, accordingly, for the purpose not of testing them, but of profiting by the splendid prospect they opened, that a second expedition was immediately organized. It attracted fifteen hundred eager participators. "Their dreams were of the marble palaces of Quinsay, of isles of Spices, and the treasures of Prester John."

Thus nobody [Mr. Fiske continues] had the faintest suspicion of what had been done. The grandeur of the achievement was quite beyond the ken of the generation that witnessed it. For we have since come to learn that in 1492 the contact between the eastern and the western halves of our planet was first really begun, and the two streams of human life which had flowed on for countless ages apart were thenceforth to mingle together. The first voyage of Columbus is thus a unique event in the history of mankind. Nothing like it was ever done before, and nothing like it can ever be done again. No worlds are left for a future Columbus to conquer. The era of which this great Italian mariner was the most illustrious representative has closed forever. (Vol. i., p. 446.)

The chief result of his second voyage was the discovery of Jamaica. His third, in 1498, being directed further south, carried him into the stifling zone of calms, and along it, by the unperceived effect of the equatorial current, to the mouths of the Orinoco. The force and volume of the discharge through them told him at once that a *tierra infinita* — a continent — was at hand, and suggested the lofty mount of the terrestrial paradise as the source of so imposing a flow. But it was not an Eden, but an Eldorado, that the cavaliers of Spain were in search of; and the coveted riches of Cathay were every day retiring to a more shadowy remoteness. Discontent grew rife; the "Admiral of Mosquito-land" (as he began to be called), so lately applauded and acclaimed, became an object of indignant scorn; there was rebellion in Hispaniola; there were murmurings at Seville and Cordoba; inimical influences triumphed at court; and the savage and stupid Bobadilla was sent out with plenary authority over the new colony. Thus it came about that Columbus returned in chains from his third voyage. Isabella, it is true, was afflicted and indignant at the affront put upon him; but he was never reinstated in

his viceroyalty. Four small caravels were, however, entrusted to him in the interests of what might be termed strategic exploration. For Portugal had recently, through the agency of Vasco de Gama, struck out a sea-way to the Indies by having doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and nothing could appear more easy or desirable than for Spain, travelling round the other side of the world, to confront her there. All that was needed was to pursue the oceanic route still further west from Cuba; and this Columbus attempted to do in 1502. But an utterly unexpected obstacle baffled his circumnavigating project. To his extreme discomfiture, an isthmus stood in his way where he had expected to find a strait — no other than the Strait of Malacca, which, unless his cartographical notions were completely astray, must separate the great "Eden-continent" from the Golden Chersonese; and, after a year spent in painfully beating about the coasts of Honduras and Veragua, he was compelled to abandon the hope of finding then and there a westerly exit from the Caribbean Sea. Provisions were failing; many of his men had been slain by the natives; his ships, unprotected by copper sheathing, were rendered unseaworthy by the ravages of the teredo; and he barely succeeded on St. John's eve, 1503, in beaching their riddled hulks on the desolate shore of Jamaica. There he spent another miserable year of turmoil and danger; and at last, November 7, 1504, landed at San Lucar, only to learn that the "Holy Catholic Queen," whom he loved, and who had been his constant protectress, lay on her death-bed.

His voyagings were now ended. They had eventuated for him in poignant disappointment. Posterity judges of them by their momentous result; but that result could be only imperfectly appreciated by contemporaries keenly alive, on the contrary, to the partial failures by which it seemed to be marred. The promised way to the Indies had, to be sure, been thrown open; but merely to what appeared like some back premises connected with the shining, still inaccessible, kingdoms of the East. No dreams of avarice, at any rate, had yet come true; least of all for Columbus himself. So far was he from possessing the means to fulfil his vow of equipping a crusading army for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, that what effects he had were privily seized and sold by royal order to cover his liabilities. Ingratitude could scarcely be carried further; but Columbus had learned well the

lesson not to put trust in princes. His favorite garb of late had been that of a Franciscan friar; and Franciscan poverty now fell to his lot. But his life's work was accomplished. Aged beyond his years by misery and hardship, weighed down by sickness, destitution, and neglect, he died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, in such complete obscurity that the event escaped notice from the busy chroniclers of current news. Yet he had thrown wide a new realm to humanity! His remains were allowed little repose. Removed in 1513 from Valladolid to Seville, they were thence transferred to the cathedral of San Domingo, and are now supposed to be interred at Havana. But their identity, characteristically enough, is problematical.

Problematical, too, in large measure is the character of the great discoverer. In Mr. Winsor's judgment he was a crazy fanatic, half knave, half fool in his mystical intervals, and outside of them a cheat, a liar, and a tyrant. But accusations so violent and unreasoned may safely be left to refute themselves. A certain class of French writers, on the other hand, admit no flaw in a career stamped, in their view, with legible marks of superhuman heroism and sanctity. If a choice between these two extremes were imposed upon us, we should certainly prefer to err with M. Roselly de Lorgues rather than with Mr. Justin Winsor. For Columbus owned a moral nature of no common type. He was swayed by motives incomprehensible to vulgar minds; he followed grand ideals, and if the consequences of his actions as a colonial ruler did not always correspond to his intentions, it must be remembered that his position was one of extraordinary and unprecedented difficulty. No share of responsibility, assuredly, for the atrocious cruelties practised by his successors in Hispaniola belongs to him; he had the interests of the natives at heart; his disposition was clement; neither measures of extortion nor crimes of rapine could be charged against him. And it was his main ambition to spread the empire of the Cross.

Mr. Fiske has devoted much pains to elucidating the intricate questions relating to the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci, with the satisfactory result of dissipating still more completely than it had been dissipated before, the cloud which long overhung the fair fame of the great Florentine pilot. It is now quite clear that he pretended to nothing that he had not really done, and was absolutely innocent of the

base design of appropriating any portion of the hardly won reputation of Columbus. He started on his first voyage in May, 1497, reaching *terra firma* at Cape Honduras a year before Columbus discovered the Orinoco and the adjacent Pearl Coast, and a few days after John Cabot sighted the coast of Labrador in the Matthew. He then circuted the Gulf of Mexico, steered north by Florida to Chesapeake Bay, and across to the Bermudas, whence a few weeks sail brought him, October 15, 1498, to Cadiz. It is lamentable to read that the ships — of which there were four under the command of Vicente Pinzon — carried two hundred and twenty-two slaves, kidnapped on the plea that the crime of cannibalism placed the perpetrators outside the pale of humanity. Inexplicably little general interest was excited by this remarkable trip, and Florida remained practically unknown until rediscovered by Ponce de Leon on Whit Sunday (Pascua Florida) of the year 1513.

After a voyage to the Pearl Coast in 1499-1500, Vespucci exchanged the service of Spain for that of Portugal. An ensuing expedition attained world-wide celebrity. Coasting from point to point of the "Land of Parroquets" (Cabral's designation for Brazil), the ships guided by him anchored on November 1 (All Saints' day), 1501, in a haven dubbed on the spot "Bahia de Todos Santos;" and on January 1 they arrived in a spacious bay, called, because of the date and under the mistaken notion of its being the estuary of a great river, Rio de Janeiro. They pursued their way to the south-west until it became evident that they had crossed the line of demarcation between Portuguese and Spanish acquisitions, drawn by the pope one hundred leagues west of the Azores. Then, having no desire to prosecute discovery in the interest of the rival power, a change of course was resolved upon, the caravels were headed south-east, and Vespucci was endowed with plenary authority over them and their crews. The upshot of the adventure cannot be better described than in Mr. Fiske's spirited phrases:—

The nights [he says] grew longer and longer, until by April 3 they covered fifteen hours. On that day the astrolabe showed a southern latitude of 52°. Before night a frightful storm overtook our navigators, and after four days of scudding under bare poles land hove in sight, but no words of welcome greeted it. In that rough sea the danger on such a coast was appalling, all the more so because of the

fog and sleet. It was the island of South Georgia, in latitude 54° S., and about 1,200 miles east from Tierra del Fuego. Captain Cook, who rediscovered it in January (mid-summer) 1775, called it the most wretched place he had ever seen on the globe. In comparison with this scarped and craggy island, covered down to the water's edge with glaciers, Cook called the savage wastes of Tierra del Fuego balmy and hospitable. Struggling gusts lash the waves into perpetual fury, and at intervals in the blinding snow-flurries, alternated with freezing rains, one catches ominous glimpses of tumbling ice-floes and deadly ledges of rock. For a day and a night, while the Portuguese ships were driven along within sight of this dreadful coast, the sailors, with blood half frozen in their veins, prayed to their patron saints and made vows of pilgrimage. As soon as the three ships succeeded in exchanging signals, it was decided to make for home. Vespucci then headed straight N.N.E., through the huge ocean, for Sierra Leone, and the distance of more than 4,000 miles was made — with wonderful accuracy, though Vespucci says nothing about that — in thirty-three days. At Sierra Leone one of the caravels, no longer seaworthy, was abandoned and burned. After a fortnight's rest ashore, the party went on in the other two ships to the Azores, and thence, after some further delay, to Lisbon, where they arrived on the 7th of September, 1502. (Vol. ii., p. 104.)

The region of America disclosed by this voyage was the first to be entitled a New World. The expression employed by Vespucci himself, in a published and widely circulated letter to Lorenzo de' Medici, the younger, caught the public ear, and gained immediate currency. It bore, to begin with, a sense somewhat different from that which we now attach to it — a sense, indeed, connected with the obsolete doctrine of the terrestrial "five zones." The "New World" was primarily understood rather as an antipodal than as an occidental continent. The astonishing novelty which the term emphasized in the popular fancy, lay in the existence of an inhabited territory wholly outside the ancient limits of what was accounted habitable, and separated from it by the long-reputed impassable belt of torrid equatorial heat. This special meaning was, however, soon effaced; and the phrase bears its wider modern significance in the famous motto adopted, before 1537, by Ferdinand Columbus as the legend for his coat of arms, and engraved upon his tomb in the cathedral of Seville:—

A Castilla y á Leon
Nuevo mundo dió Colon.

If it was a wrong to Columbus that the great western continent came to bear another name than his, nobody, so to speak, was responsible. Certainly not his Florentine friend, upon whom, nevertheless, much odium, as if for a conscious act of usurpation, has been cast. The business managed itself, after the haphazard fashion in which affairs of nomenclature very often do get transacted. Only the starting impulse was given by an unguarded suggestion from a certain young professor of geography at the college of Saint-Dié, in Lorraine. This Martin Waldseemüller published in 1507 a brochure on cosmography, wherein he proposed for the "*Quarta orbis pars*" the designation *America*, after its discoverer, Americus* Vespucius, "a man of sagacious mind." So it was done, much more thoroughly than Waldseemüller contemplated. For the "*Quarta pars*" as he understood it, was simply the original "*Mundus Novus*," or the country known to us as Brazil; while the appellation "*America*" widened its meaning so rapidly, and, as it might seem, so irresistibly, that, in 1541, it was applied by Gerard Mercator to the whole of the prodigious expanse of land in the Western hemisphere. But Amerigo himself never knew of the great future in store for his name. Having returned to his Spanish allegiance, he sailed twice to the Gulf of Darien, with considerable results in the way of gold and pearls; was appointed in 1508 to the important office of pilot major of Spain; and died at Seville, February 12, 1512, at the age of sixty. He was an enterprising and able, and appears to have been a worthy, man. Nothing, at least, is known to his moral disadvantage; and he enjoyed opportunities of distinction in turpitude which were, by some others, under similar circumstances, turned to the fullest account.

The slow laboriousness with which America was discovered is duly reflected in what Mr. Fiske calls "the long series of perplexed and struggling maps made in the sixteenth century." Cathay and Cipango long held their ground in them, and were only with difficulty displaced by the strange continent, which, emerging first, as it were, in embryo, gradually assumed its genuine proportions, and completed its true outlines. The earliest representation by name of "*America*" is in a sketch of the date 1514, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and found, some thirty years ago,

* Amerigo, latinized as Americus, represents the Old High German Amalrich, signifying "the steadfast."

in the library at Windsor Castle. It is applied to a large equatorial island, between which and the coast of Cathay lie the smaller islands of Japan and Florida! North America is conspicuous by absence, while the equatorial island must be allowed to stand for a very early stage in the cartographic development of the land of the Amazon and the Andes. Magellan's voyage, however, in 1520, was highly effective in setting things straight; and Asia was thenceforward compelled to keep to its own side of the Pacific. Before the middle of the century, in fact, a tolerably correct general idea of the form and dimensions of the American double continent had been acquired by Mercator. Yet Schouten van Horn sailed round its southern cape only in 1616; it was not until 1728 that Vitus Bering discovered the north-west strait; and the Rocky Mountains remained unknown down to the year 1743.

The main object of early explorers of the American coasts was to pierce or turn the barrier they opposed. The Indies lay beyond; they were the goal in view; the interposed solid breastwork was regarded as a mere obstacle to the attainment of that goal. It seemed incredible that it should extend without break from tropic to tropic, and beyond, right over both temperate zones. Yet the quest for a navigable channel was pushed continually nearer to the poles. Thus, when the Isthmus of Darien was encountered in the place of the expected Strait of Malacca, and the southern route by the Strait of Magellan proved too perilous and tedious for commercial use, a "north-west passage" became an object of keen desire. For three hundred and twenty-nine years the search continued. Every inlet between Florida and Labrador was examined in the hope that it might yield an outlet on the other side. Verrazano, with this intent, groped and *burrowed* along the coast from Cape Fear to Cape St. John; John Davis penetrated through Davis Strait into Baffin's Bay; Henry Hudson ascended the Hudson River nearly to the site of Albany, and pushed, by a fresh effort, into Hudson's Bay, where he miserably perished, set adrift by his mutinous crew in an open boat. But the upshot of his enterprise was only to show that the long-desired route to the Indies by the northern summit of America must be relegated to arctic latitudes. Sir Robert M'Clure's voyage in 1853, accordingly, while it solved a secular problem, and gratified geographical curiosity, was absolutely ineffective

for extending the system of the world's communications. The only available north-west passage is by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Columbus might well be taken aback at finding himself confronted with a neck of land where he had looked to meet open water flowing widely between the Pearl Coast and Cathay. A voyage round the world, such as he planned it, *ought* to have been feasible. There is no geological necessity for the linking together, in Siamese-twin fashion, of the two Americas. Although similarly planned, they are separate constructions. The line of the Rocky Mountains is, in a measure, resumed, but it cannot in any true sense be said to be continued by the line of the Andes. Hence the junction of the masses of land attached respectively to these two great dorsal elevations may be regarded as a purely temporary feature of the terra-queous globe. A few thousand years ago it is more than probable that the Pacific was in free communication with the Caribbean Sea, and after the lapse of a further few thousand it may be so again. But long before that time comes man will in all likelihood have taken the matter into his own hands, and cut his way through from ocean to ocean.

The achievement of Columbus involved not only the annexation of a hemisphere, but the emancipation of navigating enterprise from the terrors of the unknown. By its means man came to his majority, and entered into conscious possession of his earthly inheritance. Legendary geography received a deathblow; positive knowledge asserted its claim, thenceforward incontrovertible, to complete dominion over this whirling, sun-illuminated planet.

A rich and spacious realm was, by the discovery of America, thrown open to the progressive Aryan peoples. Its capabilities, indeed, can scarcely yet be measured, and the part which it is destined to play in the future civilization of the world can certainly not yet be assigned. Moral forces are incalculable until they come irresistibly into action, and forecasts even of commercial influences are apt to be falsified by the event. Already, however, the gold of California, the silver of Mexico, and the diamonds of Brazil have been poured with notable effects into the universal market, and still greater results may be anticipated from the unlovely potencies of coal and iron. These even in the United States and Canada have only just begun to be developed; elsewhere on the

continent their extent defies estimation. Mineral wealth of every variety indeed abounds. The strata round Lake Superior are unrivalled in their provision of native copper; zinc, lead, and copper ores occur plentifully in the Cordilleras, in Montana, Arizona, and throughout the Appalachian and Laurentian formations. Central America affords quicksilver, Canada and Mexico supply tin, and the entire Ohio district roofs in capacious reservoirs of mineral oil, preserved unwasted in comparatively undisturbed strata.

In point of biological development, however, America proved to be considerably behindhand. Many forms of life, superannuated in Europe and Asia, survived under the less stringent conditions of competing existence presented by the western continent. Thus the sloths haunting the great virgin forests between the Amazon and the Orinoco are modelled on one of Nature's outgrown plans, and the opossum is an animal as archaic as the kangaroo. Moreover, the recent discovery in the Tertiary rocks of Patagonia of the remains of a carnivorous marsupial, closely allied to the existing "pouched wolf" of Tasmania, seems to disclose strong and immediate South American affinities with the arrested fauna of Australia. The American organic series, too, shows striking deficiencies in its higher members. It was, indeed, devastated by a cataclysm. The glacial epoch swept away at least a dozen species of great mammals—the lion, tiger, elephant, mammoth, horse, rhinoceros, and others—which until then had roamed the continent in exuberant vitality. For some unexplained reason, however, the "almshouse of the tropics" (to use Professor Shaler's phrase) failed to rescue and maintain them when a stress of circumstances arose in the temperate zone. They perished accordingly, leaving unfilled gaps.

The almost total absence of domesticated animals from aboriginal America illustrates its zoological shortcomings.* For man's selection implies superiority. The organisms intimately associated with him must possess something of the plasticity by which his own organism is preeminently distinguished. They must be capable of departing from the groove of wild nature, of meeting the exigencies of culture, of responding to demands for service. Native in a country without oxen, asses, sheep, horses, goats, or pigs, the Red Indian was limited to the compan-

* Shaler, *Nature and Man in America*, p. 176.

ionship of the dog as represented by the shabby curs that snarled round Iroquois and Ojibbeway wigwams. The Aztecs, even, notwithstanding their highly wrought existence, were in this respect no more than on a level with the cave-dwellers of the Old World. Only the Peruvians employed llamas as beasts of burden, and kept alpacas for the sake of their fine fleeces. But oxen were unknown alike south and north of the isthmus, and a mounted man was a portent in all parts of the double continent.

As regards serviceable creatures, accordingly, Europe got next to nothing from America and gave much. The turkey, found wild in Mexico, is the only addition to our domestic stock afforded by the Western hemisphere. Valuable plants, on the other hand, it has yielded by the score. Tobacco, for good or ill, created a want which it is now indispensable to supply.

No contribution [remarks Professor Shaler] from newly discovered lands has ever been so welcomed as this so-called noxious weed. No new faith has ever travelled so fast and far among men as the habit of smoking. In scarce a century from the first introduction of the plant in Europe, its use had spread to nearly half the peoples in the Old World.

Maize was the only kind of grain cultivated on the new continent. But it was to be found everywhere. Its range extends from the Rio Negro to the Lake of the Woods; nor could any plant be better suited to supply the staff of life for an unsettled and uncivilized population. It might, indeed, be designated the cereal of the savage, as affording the maximum of food with the minimum of cultivation. Indian corn is tolerant to the utmost limit of vegetable endurance. Under the least favorable circumstances it will still patiently germinate and ripen its heavy ears. Forest lands need not even be cleared to provide a field for its bearing. It needs, to be sure, light and air, but will accommodate itself to unfelled trunks. Overflowing harvests can thus be garnered at short notice in the backwoods; and but for the aid of such facile supplies it is doubted whether the early colonists of America could have held their ground amid the adverse circumstances of their lot. The introduction of maize into the agriculture of the rest of the world could not then fail to prove of fundamental importance. Only the diffusion of the potato could be compared with it. Our indispensable tuber, indigenous in the

Chilian and Peruvian Andes, was first cultivated in Peru. Nor would it have been easy, in the early days of its somewhat laborious education, to forecast the coming fortunes of an unpromising groundnut. Among other vegetable acquisitions from the New World, we need only mention the bark of the cinchona tree, all the varieties of cocoa and chocolate, vanilla, tomatoes, and pineapples.

Its human products offer a curious and a melancholy problem. The "noble savage" had it there all his own way. Nothing hindered the realization of his ideal of life. There was room, and to spare, for his shiftless wanderings; he found game to hunt, and enemies to scalp; no hostile system of civilization loomed above his horizon; he was exempt from repression and restraint. Yet he was not satisfied. He looked back vaguely to a time when things had been better with him; he hoped dimly for a coming deliverance from the evils of a barely tolerable present. The diffusion of what may be called a Messianic tradition among the natives of both Americas is a circumstance of most curious interest. Each tribe cherished the expectation of a kind of millennium, when a mysterious benefactor, who had long ago, during a brief golden age, taught useful arts to his special people, would return to reign in peace over them forever. The predestined hero, moreover, was a white man, and was to come from the East with a retinue of other white men. The Aztecs and Peruvians, the Mayas of Yucatan, the Algonquin Indians, even the cannibals of Hispaniola, far apart as they were in other respects, all held unanimously to this hope of a national redemption. "Here," we may say with Dr. Daniel G. Brinton,* "was one of those unconscious prophecies, pointing to the advent of a white race from the East, that wrote the doom of the red man in letters of fire." So the arrival of the Spaniards was no surprise. It was looked for, and longed for, in regions thousands of miles distant from one another, before Cortez was born, or Columbus set sail from Palos. The prediction that it fulfilled, however, proved to be of the ironical sort that devils might be supposed to take delight in. Those who had sown the wind reaped the whirlwind. Deliverance from blood-orgies came to them with their own destruction.

Most remarkable indeed it is that a cruel and sanguinary race like the Aztecs should have sighed for a Saturnian regi-

* Myths of the New World, p. 186.

men — should of themselves have been able so much as to conceive the character of its mild champion. Quetzalcoatl was emphatically a "prince of peace;" he was a type of Christian sanctity, and his special symbol was the cross. It seems only reasonable to suppose that derivative elements were embodied in so pure an ideal. And the presence of such elements is, besides, obvious in various traits of native American culture. It was formerly the fashion to detect them universally; it is now the fashion to ignore them persistently. But there are some that take a great deal of explaining away. Thus the formal worship of the cross at Palenque and Cuzco can hardly have been paid to it as a mere symbol of the four winds; nor were, we may be sure, the prayers addressed to the "Tree of Life"* by Aztecs and Toltecs wholly devoid of moral purport. The Egyptian *Tau* — the sign of life — also occurs on Central American monuments; and the hooked cross, or *swastika*, more doubtfully on objects disinterred from the ancient "mounds" of Ohio; and neither can for a moment be supposed of local re-invention. Then the Mexican months were named unmistakably (as Humboldt pointed out) from the Tartar zodiac; and Mr. E. B. Tyler has adverted to the Asiatic origin of the Aztec game *patolli*. Another strong "note" of Oriental influence is in the absolute dependence of Aztec departed souls upon canine guidance† through the underworld; and the Aztec deluge tradition followed the Biblical account so closely as to exclude the hypothesis of a separate origin.

In the main, however, the culture of the American peoples was certainly indigenous. The red race worked out its own destinies down to the white conquest, and developed its own capabilities with singularly little interference from without. There is nothing to show how much time was spent in the process. Historical inquiries fail to ascend beyond the twelfth century of our era. All remoter events are veiled in a mist of dense ignorance. It can plainly be seen, however, that uniform progress did not prevail in any part of the continent. Advances in civilization, on the contrary, were constantly out-balanced by relapses into savagery. Over wide expanses of territory vanished populations left monuments and vestiges of a

life far more settled and refined than that of their successors or descendants. The mound-builders of Ohio, the cliff-dwellers of Arizona, the Mayas of Yucatan, recorded themselves in works as remote from the capacity of the sordid nomads who scarcely even wonder at them, as the ruins of Palmyra are from that of the pillaging Bedouin. And who can doubt that the Aztecs and the Incas would have gone the same way as the Toltecs and the Quichés had not degeneracy been anticipated by destruction? There were no roots of steady improvement in either system of social organization, and that of Mexico, at any rate, held, in the atrocities upon which it was founded, the sure promise of speedy decline.

The ethnic unity of all the native American tribes, exclusive of the Esquimaux, is strongly indicated. Indian languages, indeed, are of most bewildering variety. They are reckoned by the hundred, and show very little trace of verbal relationship. But they are alike structurally, and are widely separated from all other families of speech. They are of the kind known as "agglutinative," and afford powers of expression far beyond the needs of those who actually employ them. Social progress, too, wherever it was set on foot, took the same direction. The highest stage within view on the continent was that of an organized communism. Private property in land was unknown; cultivation in common, or of periodically redistributed lots, was the rule of every settled polity, and produced its inevitable effects of blocking the way against individual effort, and of creating and maintaining a low and stagnant level of inert uniformity. This prevalence of the communistic ideal has been attributed to the total suppression, in the New World, of the pastoral form of life; and this, again, was mainly or entirely due to the scarcity there of animals fitted for domestication. So that innate tendency was aided by external conditions.

The typical American Indian religion was probably in the abstract monotheistic, but it was certainly in practice polytheistic. Here, as elsewhere, the primitive higher conception seems to have become overlaid with vile or grotesque imaginings. And these led universally to the atrocities of human sacrifice. Even among the mild Peruvians, a child or beautiful maiden — some dusky Iphigenia or Andromeda — was, on solemn occasions, immolated *pro bono publico*, in honor of the sun-god.

* So the cross was called in Mexican.

† Nadaillac, *Prehistoric America*, p. 300.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

"THE LITTLE NAPOLEON OF CARIBOU."

Yet the subjects of the Incas were unique in their possession of some elementary notions of humanity; they abhorred wanton cruelty, and abstained from the feasts of cannibalism. These were otherwise hideously general. From the St. Lawrence to Tierra del Fuego, the natives of America devoured their kind, often amid orgies of appalling cruelty. None were more deeply stained with this horrible guilt than the refined Aztecs. Their chief god was unappeasable except by holocausts of human victims; their *teocallis* were periodically drenched with human blood; human hearts were torn out quivering on their altars; human flesh was their prime gastronomic treat. Nevertheless, they had carried the arts of life to a very high pitch. Their goldsmith's work excited the admiration of Benvenuto Cellini; their astronomers had anticipated the Gregorian reform of the calendar; Anahuac abounded, at the time of the conquest, with splendid products of architectural and engineering skill. But their progress had brought with it no amelioration of manners.

Nobody any longer doubts that the red men once arrived as strangers in the pair of continents they were so effectually to appropriate. But whence did they come? There need be little hesitation about the answer. Only one practicable approach can be pointed out. Isolated castaways may indeed have been blown, from time to time, across to the Pacific shore, from Japan or more southerly islands; but waves of migration can only have flowed by that north-west corner where America and Asia come as near to meeting as France and England do at the Straits of Dover. The avenue to the New World was by Behring Strait, or the neighboring line of the Aleutian Islands. Its pre-Aryan population must accordingly have been derived, at some unknown epoch, or epochs, from northern Asia. The movement eastward impressed upon it by an impulse, obscure perhaps at the time, and now hopelessly past imaginative recall, made part of the universal wandering of the nations, through which the earth came to be peopled and possessed. To the ethnical affinities of those primitive immigrants we have at present no certain clue. All that can be asserted is that, as M. de Nadaillac says, "between the men of the New World and those of the Old there exists no essential physical difference. The unity of the human race stands out as the great law dominating the history of humanity."

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXIX. 4102

A STRANGER from New York City first christened Judge Woods "The Little Napoleon of Caribou." As every man in the crowd had a mine for sale, no one questioned the visitor's right to speak on this subject, and when he followed up the remark by saying "it was a long time between drinks," we accepted his invitation and unanimously voted him a high authority on the personal appearance of Napoleon — later in the day the entire camp accepted the name as singularly appropriate. The mild, harmless face of Judge Woods, showing in every line a decided antipathy to killing anything, could not but suggest to our minds the little general famous for killing everything. So he was christened Napoleon; he reminded us of that singular man in the same way Mudd, the biggest liar in Caribou, reminded us of George Washington, "he was so entirely different."

I think the judge took kindly to his new title, for in a short time the walls of his cabin blossomed with pictures of the great general, and he fell into the habit of walking around the camp with arms clasped behind his back and head bent forward as if he was burdened with great cares of the State. Entering his cabin without knocking one morning, I found him standing before a looking-glass trying to counterfeited Napoleon's position, as shown in one of the pictures on the wall. Glancing at the picture, then at his own reflection, he burst out in his rough fashion, "Hang me if I don't think that New York man was right;" drawing himself up to his full length, he went on, "But I'm a bigger man than Napoleon — a bigger man." I did not contradict him; no one in the camp ever contradicted the judge; we all loved him too much; loved him in spite of his peculiarities; perhaps on account of them.

Judge Woods was a privileged character in the little mining camp of Caribou; nearly every one had commenced by laughing at him, all, I believe, ended by loving him, and in 1874, when the camp was at its best, he was the leading spirit in our social and political life. Lazy and good-humored, possessing a happy faculty of parrying angry words with some harmless joke, he slowly made his influence felt and power recognized by even the roughest class of miners in Caribou. He seemed to have no settled purpose, no special object in life. He did nothing, was nothing;

but day by day he grew more closely into the life of the place. No event was complete without him, and the appearance of his round, jolly face in any gathering was always the signal for a fusion of cliques and a good time all round. Every one in Caribou knew his history, who he was, where he came from, why he was here. You were sure to have this information fired at you by the judge the first time you made his acquaintance.

"Yes, by Gad," he would begin. "I have known life — life, sir, I repeat — life in the very heart of the cultured eastern states. I have had my fling. Gad, boy, it was a royal fling too. Wine, you bet; woman, I should remark; gamble, why, you benighted tender foot, they don't know the meaning of the word gamble out here; in our game of poker we played for stakes worth winning; if a man threw the banker a \$50 bill, he got one white chip, only half an ante;" and here the judge would stop and wag his large head from side to side, until it seemed the old-fashioned crush opera-hat he sported would fall to the ground; across his face all the while played a smile of happy superiority. Busy with the memory of old dissipations, he would forget your presence, and, looking out of the window, whistle softly some air linked in his mind with other days; coming back to the present, he would continue his story. "The old man cut up rough at last; my governor, you see, was a high officer in the church, and didn't exactly cotton to my larks. One morning he called me to his study; I did not like his looks; I knew there was trouble coming. 'Billy,' said he — Billy Woods is my name, you know, I'll be thirty-nine in December; don't look it, do I? well, I am — 'Billy,' said the old man, 'you have developed a surprising talent for profanity. If this was natural or hereditary I might excuse you, but for generations our family have been leaders in religious matters. To speak plainly, William, you raise too much trouble for this small city; it won't do; you overstock the market. I think you had better go west, where the people are educated up to your style. I have the misfortune to own a mine called the "Sovereign People;" it is situated near Caribou, Colorado. Now I want you to go out to Caribou and stay for two years; I will send you each month two hundred dollars to pay expenses. At the end of two years, if you have learned to behave properly, you may come home again, and I will take you into partnership with me.' I tried to move the old man, but it was no go. So

I came out here five years ago and settled in that little cabin on the side of the hill; the one with a small platform running all along the front of it. At first it went kind of slow, then I began to like the boys, and they stopped calling me 'Tender foot.' In a little while I seemed to forget my eastern home, and ceased to long for my old companions. The two years of my probation at last came to an end, I was free to go home again, but home seemed right here, all around me, for I had grown to love the boys and the camp. The very mountains that surrounded the little valley on all sides had crept into my heart, and I loved them too. The thought of opening my eyes in the morning and looking out on nothing but brick walls, of having no bright 'good-morning' from Arapaho Peak yonder, made me shrink with aversion from my old life, my old home — a life and a home that seemed mine no longer. I decided not to go back east, but stay here in Caribou. The old man didn't object, so here you find me at the end of five years, doing nothing, with the peculiar energy I have been famous for ever since I came to Colorado. I hope to stay here until I die. If I am bound in the right direction, then my soul will be saved a climb of over ten thousand feet; and if I have to go down below, the extra time consumed in reaching it will be my gain."

This little autobiography, always interrupted by two or three adjournments to the bar-room, was sure to end in a cordial invitation to visit his cabin, sample his old rye whiskey, and smoke a pipe of peace.

The judge's cabin, like its owner, had its peculiarities. It was built on the side of a steep hill; the judge's town lot, as he put it, being narrow but powerful high. While the back door elbowed the surrounding rocks with true western familiarity, the front of the house, perched on a row of pine timbers, lifted its head high in air with natural eastern reserve and pride of position. The cabin contained two rooms, a small bedroom, and a much larger one, in which the judge seemed to live. Twice each week it was used as a court-room, the judge being our only justice of the peace. This large room was papered from floor to ceiling with old copies of illustrated papers; they were in all languages and from all lands. An elk head was nailed above the fireplace, and a wonderful collection of stuffed birds and animals were strung around the room, filling completely the space between the point where the papering ended and the

roof began. An old-fashioned church pulpit, discarded by the Methodist society when they repaired their chapel, stood in one corner of the room for the use of the judge on court days; a lot of rough pine boards piled up in a corner made benches for the jury, the witnesses, and lawyers. The only evidence of luxury or suggestion of his old home in the east, was a large easy-chair that always stood in front of the window, through which could be seen Arapaho Peak, fifteen thousand feet high. This was the judge's favorite corner. Here he would sit by the hour when the days were cold or stormy, smoking his large pipe. He always had a book open before him, but it was noticed he seldom turned the leaves, but with eyes fastened on the snow-covered peak across the valley, sat quietly dreaming the hours away. Of what he thought or dreamed, we, his friends in the camp, could not tell; perhaps we could not have understood his thoughts had we known them; that he loved the old mountain was plain; that he turned to it a far different side of his character from the jolly, good-tempered one known in the camp, we suspected. Perhaps his sorrows, if he had any, and Heaven knows we all have some, were told to his cold and silent friend, "The Peak."

Many an afternoon I have looked across the valley from my shaft to the judge's little cabin, as the sun went down, to see him bid it good-night.

If the day was clear, you were sure to see him at this hour pacing up and down the narrow platform in front of his cabin, every few moments stopping to look across the valley where the glory of the sunset rested. At last, striking an attitude Napoleonic in the extreme, with head critically balanced on one side, he would stand and watch the close of the day. Nodding in a familiar way to the sun as it dropped behind the mountain, his every movement seemed to say, "Very well done to-night, old boy—very well done indeed. I could suggest a few improvements, but what's the good? Every one is satisfied with the show as you give it, so don't change on my account."

When the bright color in the west had faded, and the stars began to cluster around Arapaho Peak and blossom far and wide, he would close his door and come slowly down the narrow path leading from his cabin to the Caribou House, where he took all his meals.

The Caribou House was the centre of social life in camp; political conventions,

balls, church meetings, and shooting affairs had each in turn done some little towards making and keeping the house famous. About twenty of us lived there; a dozen more, sleeping in their own cabins, gathered under its roof three times a day to eat a little and drink a great deal. We made a queer party, thirty-two men hailing from almost as many different parts of the world—stray bits of wreckage from all round the globe—stranded at last in this out-of-the-way mining camp, nestling in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, ten thousand feet above the sea.

In the morning at the breakfast-table, when the dim light filtering in through dirty windows gave to face and figure a strange, unreal appearance, they were a rough lot to look upon. Conversation was limited, for each man was busy with thoughts of the day's chances. A poor man now, to-night he might be a millionaire, and, snapping his fingers, turn his back on the camp forever. This possibility made our speech and action quick and nervous, as if begrudging the few moments required to consume the necessary amount of food. It was at such a time and surrounded by such men the judge showed to advantage. Leaning back in his chair in spite of the rush, somehow he would find time to work in the thin edge of some good story. We couldn't but stop a moment and laugh, and this laugh seemed to clear the atmosphere, let off our surplus stock of nervous excitement, and establish a good feeling all round the table. But if the judge was entertaining at breakfast, he waxed positively brilliant in the evening. For it was then our life in camp took on its brightest side.

In the long winter nights we all gathered around the large fireplace in the bar-room; with chairs tilted back, legs crossed, and hands clasped behind our heads, we would sit and smoke while the judge spun yarns. Many of them were old, some were poor, but somehow we never got tired of hearing them. The room was dimly lighted; outside the wind whistled, dashing the snow in passionate gusts against the window-panes. The purring of the wood fire, dropping lower and lower as the evening waned, the shadows above and around us, all seemed to draw our little circle closer and closer together; and the judge's soft voice seemed just to fit in with the surroundings.

He appeared to have such a childlike belief in all his old stock lies. I suppose they had developed slowly from small, perhaps truthful beginnings, right under

his eye to their present size, and, like a father, he was blind to weak points in these children of his imagination.

He was writing a book, he once told us — a book for children; it was to be called "The Three Buckets of Blood, or The Bloody Beer Brewer of Bolivia." I don't think he ever finished it; even his patient friends at the Caribou House mutinied when the first chapter was read to them. In his stories he was always figuring as a hero in some wonderful love adventure; unfortunately, so it appeared to us, the "other fellow" always carried off the girl; but this fact never seemed to trouble the judge, he married them off without a tremor, and allotted each one a family of from six to sixteen children.

One night Jim Strickland, a miner living down at Nederland Camp, made one of our party around the fire. He listened with interest and apparent pleasure to one of the judge's old love-stories; when it came to an end a disagreeable smile lighted up his ugly face. "Judge," he broke out, "the last time I heard you spin that yarn you only allowed the woman had seven children. I'm sure it was only seven, for I noticed at the time it was just the number of kids I had at home; to-night you say the woman had nine children."

The judge turned and looked him squarely in the face; this style of criticism was new. "When did you hear me tell that story?"

"The night Yankee Jim shot the little chap from Boulder, the one we used to call the 'Widder's Mite,' 'cause he was the only kid she had."

"That was about ten months ago, wasn't it?" queried the judge.

"Yes," answered Strickland, "just about."

"If you hadn't been a bloomen idiot you wouldn't have chipped in with such a simple question. Because you and your sleepy old camp never move, you mustn't imagine my friends stand still. Got a letter from this dear girl last week. 'Twins, born Thursday, both boys.' She had decided, long before little stranger arrived, to name it after me, after her worthless old lover, Billy Woods; didn't expect two, so only had one name ready, so she had to split it up, the name, not the babies; called one Billy, the other Woods — clever, wasn't it? clever in the little woman to remember me — nothing small either in the way she did it. Twins — that's handsome, shows she had her heart in it, don't it, boys?"

The next day when Strickland got back

to his own camp he is said to have remarked: "Boys, if this old camp ever gets out of debt and has a surplus, I shall vote to buy an ornamental liar like Judge Woods. Why, bless my soul, boys, a camp ain't in working order without one." Of course local jealousy may have been largely responsible for this opinion of the judge.

One night on his return from the valley, the judge surprised us with a story of a wonderful scarecrow he had seen at Jamieson's ranch, just below Nederland Camp. "So natural, boys, it not only kept the crows from taking any more corn, but one old bird was so worked up, he brought back some corn he had carried away the day before. Seems hard to swallow, don't it, boys? That's the way it struck me, boys, at first. But, boys, just as I had about made up my mind Jamieson was lying, a flock of crows passed over the field, and that galoot pointed out the very crow; pointed it out without a moment's hesitation, in a crowd of nigh on to a hundred other crows; that's why I believe his story. No one could doubt after such evidence as that."

The judge had taken an active part in the late civil war — a very prominent part, if all his stories were to be believed. His description of a retreat is characteristic of the man. "Yes, boys, we were licked; I saw it at a glance, and I rode right over to General Sheridan and told him so. 'I guess you're right, Billy,' he said, 'it hasn't looked right to me for the last hour.' Then he turned, and, with his big blue eyes full of tears, said, 'Boys, we're licked; skedaddle out of range;' and you bet they did. I led the crowd. Crossing one of the fields I saw a poor fellow ahead of me carrying a wounded soldier on his back; his right leg had been shot off. Just before I overtook him, a stray shot from a battery on the hill whizzed over my head. It missed me, but carried away the head of the wounded man the soldier just in front of me was carrying. It did it so nicely the soldier never suspected his wounded friend was now minus a head as well as a leg. At this moment old Captain Browning, a gruff old fellow, rode by. Noticing the soldier and his strange burden, he pulled up by his side. 'Hullo, boy! where are you taking that fellow?'"

"To the field hospital, captain."

"The field hospital! What can they do for him there — his head is shot off?"

"The soldier dropped his burden on the ground, looked at it a moment in amazement, then exclaimed, 'The fool told me it

was his leg,' and hurried on to the rear, mad as a hornet at the poor dead soldier for having deceived him."

In 1874 times were good in camp and every man had plenty of work; early hours were, therefore, necessary, so about ten o'clock our little party would break up. Rising from his large chair by the fireplace, the judge would gravely pull on his old blue overcoat, balance his hat on the top of his round, bald head, and with a hearty "Good-night, go to bed, you worthless vagabonds," pass through the narrow door, and be swallowed up in the darkness.

One accustomed to camp life, its rush and excitement, its terrible strain on mind and body, can hardly appreciate the charm a character like Judge Woods had in the eyes of men plunged in a mad race for wealth. His kind words were always welcome because disinterested; he had no favors to ask, no motive prompting his actions other than a love for his fellow-men—a love so strong he often tried to hide it under a mask of brusqueness, a manner rough and foreign to him. He wanted nothing from us but our friendship, a place in our hearts, and the chance to be our companion in the sunshine and the shadow. And more than one poor fellow, as he found his strength failing in the awful race for gold, cast a longing glance after the quiet, easy-going little man, who seemed to stand aside and above the crowd as it swept on to the twin goals—gold and the grave.

It was an awful thing to look on, this wild struggle for gold; men seemed to forget all else; one thought, one passion possessed body and soul. The glory of the mountains, the sweet music of the pines, all the many-sided and wonderful panorama of nature, passed before them unnoticed.

Not so with the judge; into his quiet life came other and gentler influences; a thousand beauties unseen by the feverish crowd, a thousand sweet whisperings unheard by them, gladdened his eye and echoed in his heart. Is it to be wondered at that he kept young and seemed always happy?

No one would ever think of calling the judge a good man; there was little in his life to suggest the presence of the religious element. While he kept on good terms with the clergy in camp, and they, like all the rest, were fond of him, they could not bring themselves to openly approve the broad-gauge plan on which he conducted his life. They were even, I

fear, a little jealous of the place he held in everybody's heart, and were disappointed that he did not figure prominently in the regular Saturday night shooting affairs that had made Caribou Camp famous far and wide. He wouldn't even oblige them by going on a mild spree, so that they might use him to "point a moral and adorn a tale." He would persist in keeping out of trouble. Even when the police made an unexpected descent on that quarter of the camp peopled by the scarlet sisters—women living, it is true, above the clouds, but far from angels in character—Judge Woods escaped without even the smell of fire on his garments. Why would this man persist in being so delightfully irreligious and yet so irritatingly respectable? If the judge did ever suspend discipline, and candor forces me to admit he sometimes did take a drop too much, he always had the good sense to lock himself up in his cabin and have it out all alone.

On several occasions, just after he came to Caribou, he had been confined to his bed for a few days with an attack of asthma, he called it—but we didn't ask any questions. The tremor of his hand, the dark lines under his eyes, and a nameless, almost indefinable sadness in face and manner, went to our hearts and kept us silent. Indeed, I think we loved him more than ever after we discovered he was human and weak at some point, as Heaven knows we all are. There was a positive charm in the fellow's good, natural uselessness. The camp changed, improved, progressed; work, bustle, and development seemed to touch all men and things, all but the judge and his mine, "The Sovereign People." Men might come and men might go, they stood still together. As justice of the peace he was a unique specimen. He would preside in his miniature court with surprising dignity, and woe to the stranger who, presuming on a bar-room acquaintance, failed to show due respect to the court. Some of the judge's opinions are still preserved in the Colorado archives; models of originality if not law.

One day, discharging from custody a Chinaman who had escaped conviction for stealing chickens, owing to the lack of proper identification, he said: "Take my advice and get out of this place as quick as you can, you yellow heathen. As justice of the peace, sworn to administer the law, I can't hold you on this evidence, but as an humble citizen of this great and prosperous mining camp, if I lay my hands on you to-night it will be unpleasant

for one of us." Addressing the crowd of miners who filled the room, he went on: "It's a pity the missionaries can't civilize these brutes, Christianize them up to a level where a free and enlightened American citizen can kill the yellow devils without striking a blow at his self-respect and lowering his dignity. Sheriff, don't bring any more Chinamen here unless you have enough evidence to convict them. If there is any doubt, we can settle with them better out of court. Here, I'm apt to execute the law in a correct but unpopular manner, but when I lay aside my judicial ermine I'm with you—with you every time."

The silver mine that originally brought the judge to Caribou occupied very little of his time; indeed, he seldom visited it. Every now and then he would find some poor fellow in camp out of work and out of money. He would at once decide to do some new work on the mine, and sending the poor miner down into one of the drifts, keep him busy until he could find steady work in some other mine. No one in camp ever heard of any one being taken out of the mine. "No, he was only opening up the mine, not working it," the judge would say when questioned. "The mine is a splendid one; the hole in the side of the mountain represents the Sovereign People—my stockholders; the suffering people—neither bother me much. The governor owns all the stock. He never thought it worth anything—why should I startle him with a dividend? As for me, I don't want to get rich; what good would the money do me? I'm happy now—I couldn't say more if I owned the earth. If I did strike it rich, what would be the result? I would grow stuck up, turn my back on you worthless vagabonds, and go off and live with people who didn't care for me—only wanted my gold dust. Why, it would just break my poor old heart; that is all the good money would do me. But come, boys, this particular miner is very thirsty. I struck a good pocket this morning" (the old man's monthly remittance). "There is silver enough in sight for one last drink. Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready? 'Yes,' bottoms up 'down with crime.'" In this peculiar and original manner the judge discharged the arduous duties of general manager of the Sovereign People Mining and Milling Company, Limited.

In the long summer afternoons, when the pine woods were full of sweet odors and the sun dropped long pencils of light through the interlacing boughs, the judge

would shoulder his trout rod, and, followed by half-a-dozen children, start for a tramp in the woods. He claimed to be a great fisherman, but he never was known to bring back any fish from his excursions into the mountains. At last I discovered the reason of his poor success. I was coming down the mountain one summer afternoon, walking slowly, for I was very tired. I had been over in the Grand Middle Park prospecting. The ground under the trees was so thickly strewn with pine needles that my steps made little noise. Suddenly, through a break in the underbush, I saw the judge and a party of little children. The judge was seated on the ground, his back resting against the trunk of a pine-tree—in his arms was a little child fast asleep. Playing in front of him were the rest of the little party—six happy children, their mouths and hands full of candy, all trying hard to laugh and talk and eat candy at the same time. By the judge's side lay an open book, a volume of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales—I recognized its peculiar binding. His fishing-rod leaned against a tree, the fly dangling harmlessly over the little stream that went hurrying by, merrily singing as it swept on from its home of play in the mountains to its field of work on the plains below. The judge was gravely smoking his large pipe and seemed to be far away in dream-land—he was looking out through an opening in the trees, on the wide prairie twenty miles away, and more than ten thousand feet below. Just over his shoulder the Peak lifted its snowy face, the trees parting to let it complete the picture. A woodpecker plied his noisy trade overhead. Two small birds flew from a thicket across the stream and perched fearlessly on a stump near the children; they seemed to be waiting for an invitation to join the happy little party. Only the laughter of the children, the ripples of the stream, and the tapping of the woodpecker broke the solemn stillness of the woods. The soft air was heavy with the odor of the pines. The tops of the trees interlacing far above shut out the bright sunshine, making the long aisles of pine-trees look weird and strange in the half-light of the woods; the earth, warm with the breath of summer, seemed throbbing with life. Overcome by all these influences, I fell asleep; when I awoke, an hour later, the judge and his party had gone back to camp. After this I never was surprised to see the judge bring home an empty basket; neither did I wonder that time with him seemed to stand still, nor that

years in passing traced no wrinkles on his kindly face.

One of the many boys in camp who knew the judge and loved him, was an old gambler of the name of Shaw. Before he came to Caribou he had won a pretty bad name, not because he played a skin game—no one ever accused him of that—but he had an ugly way of handling his "gun." He seldom used it twice on the same man; it was unnecessary. One Saturday night the market was crowded with people. Daly, a drunken old brute, got into a quarrel with his wife; maddened by some remark, he grabbed a long steak knife and made a spring at her; Shaw was standing by, he hadn't time to draw his gun, but quick as thought he leaped between them and grasped the glittering bit of steel in his naked hand as it descended. His hand broke the force of the blow a little, but he received an ugly cut in the side; one that made him a prisoner in his cabin all winter. I shall never forget the scene—the woman crouching, white as death, the man livid with passion—the long, keen blade of steel glittering for a moment, then the panther-like spring of that brave outcast who held his life as nothing against the life of an unprotected woman.

During his life of adventure Shaw had won and lost two fortunes, but, as luck would have it, this sickness found him poor, but the judge found a way to make things easy for him. Every few days he would climb up the mountain to Shaw's cabin, get out his old faro bank and deal the cards until the wounded gambler had won a few dollars. Then he would bluster around the room a few moments, blurring out a host of old maxims regarding the evil of gambling, burst into a hearty laugh, and go home chuckling over the success of his scheme, to pull the wool over the gambler's eyes. "I can't give him money," said the judge one night at dinner, "it would hurt the rascal's self-respect. I don't; I simply afford him an opportunity to earn an honest penny." Of course the judge deceived no one but himself by his wonderful strategy, still we loved him all the more, because he was so careful of other people's feelings.

It was Christmas eve, and all of the boys in camp found their minds wandering back to far-away home, and living over in fancy other and brighter Christmas eves in the past. Under the weight of old memories supper at the Caribou passed off very quietly; even when, later on, we gathered around the fire, the old spirit of

fun was absent. Even the judge seemed to feel the shadow, and although he tried manfully to keep up our spirits, he found it well-nigh impossible. The snow had been falling all day, the wind was now rising, drifting the dry snow in every direction and burying some of the smaller cabins out of sight. The talk around the fire having ended, we sat watching through the window opposite a Christmas service in the little church across the street.

The church was on a lower level than the Caribou House, and from our place by the fire we could see all over the church. It wasn't a very cheerful thing to watch, only a few of the congregation had ventured out in the storm to wish their little parson "Merry Christmas." They were huddled in one corner of the barren room, trying to find comfort by the small fire. A feeble attempt at Christmas decoration, in the shape of a few green wreaths and pine cones, only served to emphasize the cheerless aspect of the place. A pair of slippers, a fancy lamp shade, and a few other worthless trifles were laid on the pulpit, the Christmas offerings of the congregation to their faithful pastor. Two hymns were sung, a prayer offered, then they shook hands with the parson and one by one sneaked out of the door. At last the pastor of the flock stood alone. Glancing around the room to see that no one remained, he dropped his head upon his clasped hands and stood leaning against the pulpit, the picture of a discouraged, disappointed man. At last, roused perhaps by the thought of wife and child at home, he gathered up the few useless gifts, and, turning out the lamp, started sadly for his little home.

"It's a shame," broke out the judge—"a shame the way they treat that little chap. He works early and late for his people and they half starve him, although every scoundrel in the congregation has made a barrel of money this summer. I don't believe the boy has enough at home for a square meal on Christmas. Boys, let's club in, make up a good jack-pot, and give the little Gospel chap a Christmas blow out." It didn't take two minutes to make up a good round sum; we all entered heartily into the scheme, and a few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, each bound in a different direction; for, in order to save time, we divided up the work of buying the different articles. We were all to meet at the Caribou and go down to the parson's house together. Twenty minutes later we filed slowly out of the hotel, each man loaded

down with bundles or baskets. The judge led the procession, a big turkey swung jauntily over his right shoulder, two bundles of celery springing from his overcoat pockets. Plunging along through the drifts of snow almost to the shoulder, we at last reached the parson's cabin. The judge knocked; we saw the light move inside, and then the door was cautiously opened and the little preacher stood before us. Seeing a crowd of men, he started to close the door, but the judge stepped forward saying, "Parson, we just dropped down to wish you a merry Christmas; we don't mean any harm; it's Billy Woods and his crowd from the Caribou House." A moment later we were all gathered in the kitchen, the only room large enough to hold our party. Our burdens were deposited on the table; they made quite an imposing pile. When we had all taken our places in front of the parson, the judge, his face wreathed in smiles, stepped forward, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Parson, we ain't exactly your kind, we don't shine much in religious circles, but we are men with eyes that see and hearts that feel, and we love you; we may not be qualified to give an opinion on you as a preacher, but you bet we miners know a man when we see one. And we know you have been doing a heap of good work among the boys here in camp, so we thought we would drop in and thank you, and wish you a merry Christmas, you and your wife and little child. That's about it, boys, ain't it?"

"That's it," we all answered.

The poor little parson tried to speak, but something seemed to rise in his throat, his eyes wandered from face to face, then filled with tears; he tried once more to speak but could not; grasping the judge's hand and murmuring, "God bless you, boys!" he dropped his head on the judge's shoulder and cried just like a child; kindness was so new, so strange to him; it all came too suddenly. But in a moment he gathered himself together and thanked us each, thanked us in a way we never shall forget. We left him then, a far different man from the one who had sadly turned out the light and left the church an hour before. I was the last of the party to leave the house. A door was half open and I saw into one of the bedrooms; a woman was on her knees, a little child stood up in bed, looking with dancing eyes through a mass of yellow hair at the loaded table in the kitchen. "Boys," said the judge, as we gathered round our fire a few moments later, "boys, I think we raised

the ante that time, raised the other crowd clean out of the game; they didn't even have a chance to draw cards; kind o' knocked the little parson all of a heap, didn't it? Well, a good square meal will do him good, and I guess the racket won't do any of us harm. Good-night, I've got to run up to Brunton's cabin. I promised to bring his young kid some Christmas things, and I don't want to disappoint the little devil. Merry Christmas to you; God bless you all. Good-night," and before we could stop him he was off. It was snowing very hard, the wind blew a gale, and the night promised to be the coldest of the year; the mercury was falling fast. We lingered a few minutes, chatting around the fireplace, and then tumbled into our beds, to dream of old times when we were happy boys, long, long ago.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear—the storm had worn itself out during the night—not a cloud was to be seen; on every side the new-fallen snow lifted its pure, white face, as if to receive the great message of the day from the heaven bending above.

We had gathered in the dining-room and were waiting for the judge; we had decorated his armchair with flowers, brought all the way from Denver; our little presents were piled by his plate; we waited half an hour, but no judge appeared, and reluctantly we sat down to breakfast without him, expecting to see his jolly face enter the room every moment. An hour passed, still no sign of the judge—we began to fear he was ill. While we were talking, Brunton, who lived on the cliff at the back of the judge's house, came in. "Boys, have you seen the judge this morning? He promised my kid he'd bring him some Christmas things last night, but he didn't show up. I stopped at the judge's cabin on my way down, but I could get no answer. You are sure he isn't somewhere about?"

In a moment we had thrown on our heavy coats and were hurrying up the mountain to the judge's cabin; we knocked—there was no answer; we pushed open the door—the light was burning brightly—the fire was out, the cabin cold and deserted, the judge's bed untouched. Quick as possible, our hearts beating fast, we ran along the narrow path leading from the judge's cabin to Brunton's house, the path we knew the judge must have taken after leaving us last night. A hundred yards beyond we came to the cliff, the most dangerous part of the way; here the path ran on the very edge of the rock and there

was an ugly drop two hundred feet to Boulder Creek, in the gulch below. A shout from one of the party in advance brought us quickly to his side. Looking in the direction he pointed, we saw far below us the body of a man lying half covered by the snow on the rocks. Ten minutes' hard climbing and we stood on the spot — and there lay the judge — dead — a bundle of toys grasped tightly to his breast; to the heart, a few hours ago so full of love for every one. Gentle, kind-hearted, easy-going Judge Woods was dead. Battling through the storm on a mission of love to a little child, he must have lost his way and fallen over the cliff. In the height of the storm he had "crossed the range" and gone before that higher court into the presence of the Great Judge.

From The Scottish Review.
THE PORTEOUS RIOT.

(From Original MSS. in the Record Office.)

THE best accounts of the Porteous Riot, which, though not an important event in Scottish history, was one of the strangest incidents which took place in Scotland during last century, are those given by Sir Walter Scott in the "Heart of Midlothian" and in the "Tales of a Grandfather." In addition to the ordinary sources of information, and those oral traditions which he had heard in his youth, Scott was in possession of a manuscript, "Memorial concerning the Murder of Captain Porteous," which is printed in the notes to the "Heart of Midlothian." The original of this interesting document, which consists of an account of the attempts made by the crown council in Scotland to discover the murderers of Porteous, is preserved in the Public Record Office, along with a number of other papers relating to this mysterious affair. The most important of these papers are, in addition to the "Memorial" of which Scott had a copy, a "Narrative" of the riot, drawn up, apparently, by an Edinburgh magistrate, and differing somewhat from Sir Walter Scott's account; the petition of Porteous, praying for a reprieve, to which his signature, written in a clear, though rather shaky, hand, is appended; a petition in his favor signed by a number of peers and gentlemen of position; and, most valuable of all, a collection of letters by the lord justice clerk of Scotland, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Ilay, General Moyle, who was in command of a

regiment in Edinburgh at the time of the riot, General Wade, and others. From the documents some additional facts may be learned regarding that extraordinary outrage, which so highly irritated the government of the day, and the authors of which were never discovered in spite of the strenuous and long continued exertions which were made for the purpose of bringing them to justice.

The facts which led to the Porteous Riot may be shortly stated. Two criminals, Wilson and Robertson by name, who had been sentenced to death for robbery, were, on the Sunday before the day fixed for their execution, taken to hear service; and Robertson, by the help of his fellow-prisoner, succeeded in making his escape from the church. The building was crowded; but no attempt was made by any of the congregation to stop the fugitive. "Not a person," Provost Wilson of Edinburgh writes to Mr. Lindsay, member for the city, "put out their hand to stop Robertson. On the contrary, everybody made way for him."

This refusal to support the officers of the law did not merely arise from unwillingness to interfere with a man who was flying for his life, but was also occasioned by the fact that the robbery of which he had been convicted, was the robbery of a collector of customs, an offence which, at that time, was regarded in Scotland as venial, if not actually praiseworthy. The feeling which had prompted the onlookers to connive at the escape of Robertson rendered Wilson an object of sympathy; and the authorities feared that an attempt would be made to rescue him from the hands of the hangman. To prevent this, the scaffold was surrounded by an armed band of the City Guard, under the command of Captain John Porteous. What took place is well known. A rescue was not attempted; but after the execution the mob became excited, and stones were thrown at Porteous and his men, who retaliated by firing on the people. Several persons were killed, and many were wounded. Among those slain on the spot, or who soon after died of their wounds, were shopkeepers, domestic servants, both men and women, and respectable working men, who were present merely as peaceable spectators of the execution. The conduct of Porteous was bitterly resented; and the anger of the citizens increased, as day by day they heard of persons dying from the wounds which they had received. The execution of Wilson took place on the 14th of April, 1736; and on the 19th

of July Porteous was arraigned, on a charge of murder, before the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland. The charge against him was twofold: first, causing the men under his command to fire upon the crowd, and secondly, firing with his own hand and killing one of the crowd, a man named Charles Husband. His defence was that he had neither ordered his men to fire, nor fired himself, but had merely threatened the people when they became unruly. Twenty-eight witnesses were examined for the prosecution, merchants of the city, professional men, servants, and young men of fashion, who had witnessed the scene from the windows of the lofty tenements of the Grassmarket, at that time an aristocratic quarter of Edinburgh. The effect of this evidence was to prove that Porteous had urged his men to fire. "Fire, and be damned to you," were the words which several witnesses swore they had heard him use. There was also strong evidence to the effect that he had snatched a fire-lock from one of the guard and discharged it at Husband. The testimony of the witnesses for the defence, sixteen in number, was mainly that they had not heard any orders to fire, and had not seen Porteous himself discharge a musket. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Porteous was sentenced to be hanged on Wednesday, the 8th of September.

The sentence was heard with immense satisfaction in Edinburgh, for the citizens regarded Porteous simply as a brutal murderer. But he was advised to appeal to Queen Caroline, who, owing to the king's absence on the Continent, represented the crown at this time. The petition which Porteous addressed to her Majesty might have been disregarded, but it was backed up by another and more influential application for mercy. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that, in 1736, Walpole was struggling against that powerful combination which, a few years later, succeeded in driving him from office; but the events which led to the respite of Porteous, as disclosed in the official papers in the Record Office, can hardly be understood without some explanation of the position of the ministry in Scotland. The chief adviser of Walpole regarding Scottish affairs was Archibald Campbell, Earl of Ilay and brother of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Andrew Fletcher of Milton, the lord justice clerk of Scotland, an acute lawyer and an able politician, acted as the confidential correspondent of Lord Ilay. The lord advocate

was Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and the solicitor general was Charles Erskine of Tinwald. These four politicians practically controlled the administration of Scotland. But they had to contend against a vigorous opposition, especially from the Scottish peers, which had been growing in strength ever since the general election of 1734. In that year, at the election of the sixteen representative peers, a riot had been expected, and a regiment of soldiers was drawn up in the courtyard of Holyrood Palace, to the great indignation of the opposition candidates, who protested that an attempt was being made to intimidate them by military force. The ministerial candidates were all chosen, but months after, when Parliament met, the feeling was as bitter as ever, and long debates took place regarding illegal methods which were said to have been employed at the election. "The eyes of all England," says Tindal, "and, indeed, of a great part of Europe, were now fixed upon the proceedings of the House of Peers with regard to the election of the Scotch peers." These debates came to nothing, but the influence of the government was from that time so much weakened in Scotland that, though anxious to support the authority of the law by saving Porteous, whose offence they regarded as merely an excess of zeal in the performance of his duty, the ministers were afraid to grant the prayer of his petition. Another petition was therefore prepared at the same time, which the ministry privately agreed to support, on condition that the opposition as well as the friends of the government should sign it. This condition, which was kept as a profound secret at the time, was insisted on lest the opposition should make political capital out of the reprieve of Porteous, which, it was well known, would be highly unpopular in Scotland. Signatures were, therefore, eagerly canvassed for, and the petition bears the names of about fifty persons of high social position, of whom no less than fifteen were peers.

Owing, probably, to the time which had been occupied in obtaining signatures, it was not until the 25th of August that the petitions were finally sent up to London. On that day, the lord justice clerk writes to the Duke of Newcastle: "At the desire of persons of quality and distinction, I have taken the liberty of troubling your Grace with the enclosed petition to her Majesty, in favor of John Porteous, now under sentence of death, together with a petition from himself to the queen, and it

is their request your Grace may present them to her Majesty as soon as may be convenient, because the 8th of September is the day fixed for the execution." Sir Walter Scott, with the genuine instinct of a great master in the art of writing fiction, has described, in the fourth chapter of the "Heart of Midlothian," how a crowd assembled at the place of execution "prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless," and how, when the hour for punishing the criminal had passed, "the news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, was at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A reprieve from the secretary of state's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline (regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II. on the Continent) that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, present prisoner in the Tolbooth of that city, be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution." But, in point of fact, the announcement was not made so suddenly, nor delayed until the last moment. The fact that a respite had been granted was communicated to the magistrates of Edinburgh on the 3rd of September; and on the following day it was rumored in the city that the mob had resolved to set fire to the prison on the evening of the 8th, if the sentence against Porteous was not duly carried out. "This," says the compiler of the "Narrative" in the Record Office, "was carefully inquired into by the magistrates; but they could not discover any foundation for the report." It also appears that Lord Justice Clerk Fletcher did not anticipate any disturbance on account of the mercy shown to Porteous; for on the same day he writes to the Duke of Newcastle: "This act of her Majesty's royal mercy, and as it points to further, meets with almost a general approbation, especially among those of the higher rank and greatest distinction. And the few who grumble are only of the meaner sort, or such as either have confined ways of thinking, or such as seem determined to complain whatever happens." But there can be little doubt that, during the next few days, a band of determined men were quietly but busily preparing for the tragedy which afterwards took place.

The scene on which the Porteous Riot

was enacted is well known. Every traveller who has visited the ancient capital of Scotland will remember the long, steep thoroughfare which ascends from the Palace of Holyrood to the Castle Hill. In 1736 the part of that picturesque street which lay next to the palace was known as the suburb of Canongate, at the western termination of which stood a massive gateway called the Netherbow Port. Beyond this gateway the city began, and the thoroughfare was known as the High Street. In the centre of the High Street, and at the north-west corner of the Church of Saint Giles, which still remains, stood the Tolbooth, the gaol in which Porteous was confined. Beyond the Tolbooth, and sloping upwards towards the Castle, was the Lawnmarket, from which a short, steep street, the Westbow, led down into the Grassmarket, where the execution of Wilson had taken place, and where the City Guard, under command of Porteous, had fired upon the crowd.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 7th of September, the magistrates, who appear to have been enjoying themselves at a convivial gathering, were informed that a few boys were beating a drum in the Grassmarket. This news reached them, according to the "Narrative," from which the following details are taken, at 9.45. At six minutes to ten (the writer is very precise in giving the time) they sent an order to the captain of the guard to have his men under arms at once. But, "just before the clock struck ten," a mob drove the guard from the guard-room, seized ninety firelocks, and several axes, and proceeded to occupy the gates of the city. At the Netherbow Port, which separated the city from the Canongate, they placed a strong party. A regiment of infantry, the Welsh Fusileers, was at this time stationed in the Canongate, under command of General Moyle; and the magistrates were anxious to obtain their assistance. Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament for the city, undertook to carry a message to the troops, and, by taking a circuitous rout, managed to find his way to the officer's quarters, which he did not reach, however, until 10.45. Moyle had already heard of the riot, and had his men assembled under arms; but when Lindsay, who he afterwards hinted was not quite sober, made his appearance, the general raised a difficulty. As the gates of the city were locked, he "refused," says the "Narrative," "to allow any man to march without a warrant from the lord justice clerk, or a lord of justiciary, who happened then to

be all out of town." This hesitation and loss of time, as will afterwards appear, in all probability cost Porteous his life. In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, written two days later, Moyle says that he was in bed, at a quarter past ten, when one of his officers came to him and said he heard that there was a great disturbance in the city. He at once ordered the regiment to be roused, and while he was dressing Lindsay arrived. After explaining that he did not choose to force the gates without a warrant, he goes on to say: "Knowing that the justice clerk lived but two miles out of the town, I desired Mr. Lindsay to write immediately to him for his directions what he would have the troops do, and sent the letter by my own servant, who galloped all the way. My Lord being in bed, he got no answer from him till nearly one of the clock. The letter was directed to Mr. Lindsay, so I never saw the answer, and long before it came the poor man was hanged by the mob. By what I since hear he was executed before Mr. Lindsay came to my house, for they got him out of prison a little after ten."

In the mean time the mob was attacking the Tolbooth. The magistrates attempted to disperse the rioters, who, having provided themselves with ammunition by breaking open the shop "of one Alexander Dunning," threatened to fire, and drove away both the magistrates and the City Guard. The assault on the prison continued for an hour before the door, which was at last destroyed by fire, was broken in. Porteous was speedily found, and hurried up the Lawnmarket, and down by the Westbow into the Grassmarket. The justice clerk, writing to the Duke of Newcastle, describes the scene "of that unheard-of cruel action, so far as I have yet been able to discover." All was hurry and confusion as the wretched victim was dragged to his doom. "On his way he lost one of his shoes, which they would not suffer him to put on." He was loaded with curses and abuse until the spot was reached where he had, nearly five months before, committed the rash act for which he was now to suffer. There he was hanged with every species of cruelty. "He humbly implored," says the justice clerk, "time to make a short prayer, which they refused; and on lifting up his hands, one of them struck him over the arm with a Lochaber axe and broke his arm. And they hung him up; and, after he had hung about four minutes, they cut him down in order to augment his terrors and increase

his tortures, at the same time cutting him over the head, and burning his foot that had the shoe off with a torch. Thus they used him three times, so that he was near expiring when they hung him up the last time."

It was at a quarter to twelve o'clock, according to the "Narrative," that the execution, or rather murder, took place. When all was over "several attempts," says this account, "were made to take down the body, but the mob beat every one who made such a proposal, till about daybreak a few members of the Council, and some neighbors, got the body taken down and laid it in the Greyfriars Church."

It is almost certain that if General Moyle had made up his mind to act without a written warrant, and had, as soon as he received the message from the magistrates, forced his way into the city, the mob would not have succeeded in their object. The request for assistance reached him at about a quarter to eleven. His men were ready. He was quite mistaken in supposing that Porteous was "got out of prison a little after ten." The mob was then engaged in driving away the magistrates, and in attempting to break into the prison with sledge-hammers and axes, and it was some time before the door was set on fire. It was only a few hundred yards from the Canongate to the scene of the riot, and an hour at least passed before an entrance was effected into the Tolbooth. There can therefore be little doubt that, even allowing for some delay at the Netherbow Port, the troops could have passed up the High Street and reached the Tolbooth in time to prevent the tragedy, which, as we have seen, was not completed till nearly midnight—that is, about an hour and a half after the general received the message from the magistrates. But it was perhaps natural that an English officer, with the knowledge that he might have, if bloodshed ensued, to stand his trial, like Porteous, before a jury of Edinburgh citizens, should hesitate to act without a regular warrant from some civil authority.

When morning came all was quiet. The dead body of Porteous, discolored by blows, and with the neck and one arm broken, lay in the ancient church of the Greyfriars. The weapons which the rioters had used lay scattered along the Westbow and the Grassmarket, and at the Tolbooth the charred and battered doorway alone showed that another had been added to the long roll of violent deeds which its venerable walls had witnessed.

The lord justice clerk, General Moyle, and the magistrates began to make enquiries into the origin of the riot, but no one would give information. In a rather curious account of the affair, published fifty years after, the writer says: "Although this mob was riotous, yet none concerned was ever known, although great rewards were offered to the informers. Nor was there such a villain in all the Highlands of Scotland as to accept £30,000 for the head of a prince." This reference to the Jacobite rebellion of '45 suggests that among the mob of Edinburgh, which at the time of the Porteous riots had a strong bias against the Hanoverian dynasty, it was considered a point of party honor to shield the murderers of Porteous from the vengeance of the crown. The law officers for Scotland (the lord advocate and solicitor-general) were summoned to Edinburgh. Lord Ilay came down to assist them, and General Wade, who was at that time engaged in the important work of constructing military roads in the Highlands, brought a body of his men to help in maintaining order. The difficulties which hampered the law officers, from the apathy or uselessness of the magistrates and the reticence of the citizens, are described in the "Memorial" printed in the notes to the "Heart of Midlothian." The letters in the Record Office tell the same tale. No one would give definite evidence, for the mob had spread a rumor that death was to be the punishment of any informer. Some arrests having been made, Lord Ilay writes to the Duke of Newcastle: "There was some little grumbling among the mob, who gathered upon the seizing the criminals, such as saying one to another, 'We will not suffer our fellow-citizens to be dragged away.' But upon the first beat of the drum that attended the party which marched up the street, in order to conduct them to the Castle, all was entirely quiet." At one time the authorities thought they were secure of at least one conviction. "To-day," Lord Ilay writes to the Duke of Newcastle, on the 9th of October, "I believe we shall catch one, who is footman to a fair lady, and assisted the mob in his livery;" and a week later he writes: "There has nothing happened remarkable since I troubled your Grace last, except that the Countess of Wemyss, whose footman I had ordered to be taken up, went out of town with him to Haddington, and I have sent a proper person to catch him there." But in the long run, although this man was the only person of whose pres-

ence in the mob complete evidence was obtained, it turned out that he had been so drunk as to be quite incapable of understanding what was going on, and he was therefore acquitted.

Soon all hope of discovering and punishing the rioters was abandoned, and the blame for this failure of justice was laid on the magistrates. General Wade writes to the Duke of Newcastle on the 4th of November, sending a list of persons confined in the Castle as concerned in the murder, "Since the arrival of Lord Ilay, for before I do not find there was any enquiry made upon them by the magistrates, who, by the best information I have been able to procure, not only permitted the murder to be committed (which they might easily have prevented) but suffered all who were conscious of their guilt to make their escapes; and I fear it will be difficult to find a jury who will not acquit those who are now prisoners." In the list sent by General Wade six persons are named; but only two trials took place, and in both cases the accused were acquitted.

The story of the Porteous Riot was heard with emotions of violent resentment in London; and the queen, in particular, could hardly find words strong enough to express her indignation. "It is still recorded in popular tradition," says Sir Walter Scott, "that her Majesty in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that sooner than submit to such an insult (the execution of Porteous) she would make Scotland a hunting-field. 'In that case, madam,' answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.' The import of the reply had more than met the ear." The royal anger found vent in a bill of pains and penalties against the city of Edinburgh, which was brought into the House of Lords, when Parliament met in February, 1737. By this measure it was proposed to disable the provost from holding any office in Great Britain, and to imprison him; to abolish the City Guard and to remove the gate of the Netherbow. The extreme severity of this measure, and the personal feeling displayed by Queen Caroline have often been spoken of with astonishment, and are, indeed, hardly to be accounted for by mere zeal for the maintenance of law and order. But the explanation may possibly be found in the contents of the private letters which had been sent from Edinburgh at the time of the riot. For instance, the lord justice

clerk, writing on the 11th of September, 1736, says: "'Tis beyond all doubt that the magistrates connived at this murder, for they had intimation of the design of the rabble the Sunday before, and gave the troops no notice of it in order to secure the peace, and consequently save the poor man's blood. I had forgot to tell you that the villains had the impudence to have a watchword, which was Hanover, speaking on all occasions very disrespectfully of the queen who granted the reprieve, and at every interval of letting him down from the tree, cried (insulting Porteous), 'Where is your reprieve? Shew it us, and we'll save you,' and then, with insulting curses, hung him up again." He adds, in a postscript, "The town, I believe, would now be glad to be at quiet, their favorite point being gained; but if severe reprisals are not made, Lord have mercy upon me!" General Moyle also writes in the same strain of censure against the magistrates of the city: "I am surprised the magistrates were not more on their guard. The town soldiers, instead of resisting, delivered their arms to the mob. The turnkey of the prison owned he had a hint given him in the morning that the prison would be attempted to be broke open that night, and that he acquainted the gaoler with it, and desired him to make it known to the lord provost, that care might be taken to prevent it. The magistrates were drinking together in the Parliament Close when the mob first assembled, and did not take care to read the proclamation, which was a very great neglect in them." That clause of the bill which provided for removing the Netherbow gate, is, to some extent, anticipated in one of the justice clerk's letters. "As it is necessary," he writes, "an effectual communication should be secured betwixt his Majesty's forces in the Castle and in the Canongate, the gate of the city which leads that way was at first chained back; and to prevent any possibility of accidents, one of the sides of the gate was on Monday last taken away, on pretence it stood in need of repairs. I choosed this should be done by degrees, and in the easiest way, because the populace fancy some of their privileges are wrapped up in their gates."

The bill passed the Lords, and was sent down to the Commons in the middle of May. In the Lower House even the first reading was opposed by all the Scottish and many of the English members. Although it was a government measure, both the lord advocate and the solicitor gen-

eral for Scotland followed the example which the Duke of Argyle had set them in the House of Lords, and strongly resisted it. Walpole, fearing to offend the members for Scotland, accepted amendments which reduced the bill to a measure disabling the provost, and imposing a fine upon the city. The bill, thus altered, was nearly lost on the motion to report it. The numbers were equal, and the question was only decided by the casting vote of the chairman. The Commons' amendments were accepted by the House of Lords, and the measure, which did not at all satisfy the court, received the royal assent on the last day of the session.

The Town Council of Edinburgh now thought that something must be done, to show that they were not wholly indifferent to whether the city was guilty or not. The magistrates had taken no part whatever in the movement for the reprieve of Porteous, though he was their own officer, and must have been personally acquainted with them all; nor had they done much to aid in the search after his murderers. And now, even after the lesson they had received, they contented themselves with issuing an order that, in future, if there was any appearance of a riot the various public bodies were to assemble at the Council Chambers "to receive instructions for their guidance in preserving the peace of the city."

The Parliament followed up the statute which has just been mentioned, by passing another act "for bringing to justice the murderers of Captain Porteous," which made it a capital offence to conceal or assist any one who had borne a share in the murder. This act was ordained to be read aloud, before sermon, in every parish church in Scotland, on the first Sunday of every month, for one year from the 1st of August, 1737. Any clergyman who failed to read the act was rendered incapable of sitting in any church court for the first offence; and for the second offence he was liable to be deposed from his living. The Scottish clergy were at once up in arms. What some of them thought of the fate of Porteous may be surmised from the opening sentence of a curious pamphlet setting forth "The Lawfulness and Necessity of Ministers, their reading the Act of Parliament for bringing to justice the murderers of Captain Porteous." "God," says the writer, "in his sovereign providence, which, in all events, we should adore, has permitted this cruelty to be acted on Porteous, that so he should be put to death in a worse shape than that

which was designed for him." Some of them, without actually regarding the riots as a providential event, disliked the idea of using the pulpit as a means for bringing criminals to justice. But the chief cause of discontent was found in the fact that the act began with the usual words of style: "Be it enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and temporal." These words could not, it was maintained, be read without a virtual approbation of the order of bishops and archbishops, and of the civil power of churchmen, against which Presbyterians had always testified. Various plans were suggested for the purpose of evading the law. Some proposed having no service on the first Sunday of the month until the act had expired. Others wished to have no sermons preached on the first Sunday of the month. One of the Edinburgh clergy got out of the difficulty by announcing to his congregation that he had a proclamation which the law required him to read, but that they need not wait to hear it unless they pleased. He then paused. The congregation walked out, and the act was read to the empty pews. Lord Ilay, writing to the Duke of Newcastle, says: "One of the king's chaplains being, the other day, to preach at the giving the Sacrament (which they do here, while the communicants are sitting round a very long table, which holds great numbers), I sent to him to desire that he would use some proper expressions upon the late murder of Captain Porteous. He accordingly did it, by warning all sorts of impenitent sinners, and (among the rest) the murderers of Captain Porteous. The effect of it was that above one hundred, as I am told, withdrew, and did not receive. But the minister, who immediately preached next, gave many hints of his being of another spirit. *Tantum religio potuit.*" Three months after the act passed, the lord advocate writes to inform the government that he had instructed the sheriffs of counties to send in returns of the manner in which the law was being carried out, and that it appeared that two-thirds of the parish clergymen of Scotland refused to read the act in their churches.

Such being the state of public feeling, when the law officers were baffled by a conspiracy of silence, when even at the communion table a congregation would not listen to a warning given to the murderers, and when the clergy of the national church refused to obey the law the object of which was to punish the authors of so foul a deed, it is little wonder that the ringleaders in the Porteous Riot were

never discovered. In the "Heart of Midlothian," the leading part is assigned to Robertson, who becomes, in the romance, a man of good family, Sir George Staunton, the lover of Effie Deans, but who, in reality, was the dissipated son of an Edinburgh hostler. It is very likely that he was concerned in the riot; and the following account of his subsequent career, taken from a pamphlet published in 1787, may be read with interest. "He afterwards went to Holland, and settled at Campvere and at Middleburgh, where he tricked many of his countrymen. At last he set up for a private informer, and wrote to the custom-house officers in several towns on the coast of Scotland, and settled his correspondence with them; and then he sent them over an invoice of the cargoes on board of the Scots vessels, the names of the ships and masters, so that the custom-house officers knew what they brought in, and when they sailed; and the excise yachts went out and caught many cargoes, which ruined many merchants. He at last got into some way with the English smugglers, and ruined many of them. The Dutch got information of him, and he took the hint and escaped over to London. Had he been taken in Holland, they would have executed the Scots sentence against him. He skulked about in London for some time, and got letters from those he did for in Scotland; and he applied to that hero, William Duke of Cumberland, who procured him a pardon from the king; and at last he died in misery in London."

G. W. T. OMOND.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ART STUDENTSHIP OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.

In the biographies of the great masters of the Italian school of painting we find but little authentic information about their early lives. They were passed away in the studios of their masters, and the only events, if there were any, must have been those of family life. The political events of the day did not, it appears, impress them very much, nor can we believe that the young art students of those times allowed such matters to interfere with their work. In most cases the pupils were closely attached to their masters, whose works they had to imitate, and so they had no opportunity of studying art on a broad scale, as nowadays, when casts of

the finest antique sculptures meet the eye of the pupil in his schoolroom, and when faithful reproductions of classical paintings decorate the walls within which he sits down to do his work. The celebrated antique sculptures, which now fill the galleries and museums of Rome and Naples, of Florence, Paris, and London, such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Milo, the Parthenon sculptures, the Borghese Gladiator, and many others of the now most popular representatives of the antique art, had not yet been unearthed when Mantegna and Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael, sought for the best models to draw from. The art students of those days were not in the habit of travelling about. There were no public galleries or exhibitions of pictures, nor had the painters an easy access to the palaces of the princes and of the rich merchants, who had gathered within their walls the best works of the first artists of the time.

The art student of the Renaissance depended for his studies mostly on the instruction which the master, with whom he had been placed, was capable of giving him. Besides he had the example of the other masters in the town he was living in, whose studios he may occasionally have been allowed to visit, and whose finished works were accessible to him on the altars and on the walls of the churches. No wonder, therefore, that the distinct character of the prevailing *local* tendencies, in drawing as well as in coloring, is clearly perceptible — nay, predominant — in the productions of these artists, whatever may have been their dispositions, when, as pupils, they were forming their style.

As I have shown in an article published in this review for the month of November, 1890, the organization of the guilds accounts for this fact to a very large extent. The statute of the guild of Padua, is especially to the point. It had been drawn up and came into force in 1441. Andrea Mantegna, the greatest Paduan master, was born ten years earlier, viz., in 1431, and, having entered the studio of Squarcione, was adopted by him in the very year when the new revised statute was put in force. Many interesting regulations were thereby enjoined between master and pupil, and the various obligations and rights of the two parties concerned were clearly set forth. These throw a good deal of light also upon Mantegna, of whose early life we otherwise know very little. For instance, it appears from paragraph

70 that the period of three years was made the minimum time during which a master, belonging to the guild, was allowed to retain a pupil in his own house to learn painting.

And [the statute continues] to avoid the possibility of fraud, it shall be obligatory that every master, who engages or receives a pupil for being taught by him, must have the engagement registered by a public notary, and the document containing this statement must be shown up to the *gastaldione* or the *massario* — the highest officers of the guild — within a fortnight, or he will have to pay a fine of ten pounds (*libre*), and besides he will be forced to dismiss such pupil.

An only exception to this rule is made in paragraph 71, which runs thus: —

Every master belonging to our guild shall be permitted to teach his son, his brother, his grandson, or his nephew, without having to pay for him, or without being liable to a fine.

I attach so much importance to these statutes because they are the only authentic records which throw light on the respective position of master and pupil, concerning which, otherwise, there is practically nothing to guide us. Considering the great importance of a knowledge of this subject in the study of art, we are particularly fortunate to possess such documentary evidences as those which are to be found in that statute.

A further evidence of the binding nature of the engagement of pupils by the painter masters is given in paragraph 72: "No member of the guild shall dare to have, or to receive, any pupil who may previously have left a master contrary to agreement and before the time, nor shall he be allowed to employ such a pupil in any way without permission and free consent of that master whom the pupil had deserted, or he will have to pay ten lire, and, moreover, he shall by no means be allowed to keep such a pupil.

According to § 73, no member of the guild shall be permitted to alienate any assistant or pupil studying the arts, or to induce him by making presents, or by flattering speech, or otherwise, to leave his master's place, and to go to work at some other place, before his term has come to an end, contrary to his engagement, or he will have to pay ten lire. And besides he will have to amend every damage or harm which that other master may have incurred.

Again, by § 74 it was stipulated that any pupil or assistant, belonging to the guild, who by his own will, or on the ad-

vice of some one else, leaves his master's place or house before his term has expired, and contrary to his engagement, without having his master's permission to go, or without a legitimate excuse, shall be fined ten lire. And, besides, he will have to make good every damage or harm which his master may have to suffer by his having left him. And he shall also be forced to return to him.

§ 75. Every pupil who has made so much progress in the art of painting, that he earns annually a salary of fifteen lire, shall have to become a member of the guild, and shall have to participate in the burdens of the profession.

§ 76. A pupil who earns from his master the amount charged for the work, or its cost, whatever it may be, shall have to pay to the guild ten soldi annually.

According to § 54 the pupils or assistants, when under twenty-five years of age and over fourteen, were allowed to be present at the meetings of the members of the guild, but they had to be standing at some distance from the chairs where their masters were seated, to listen thus to the speeches and the discussions, in order to become acquainted with the proceedings. They had no permission to take part in them, or even to raise their voice. The fine, in case of contravention, was to be twenty soldi.

Having thus seen what was the legal position of the masters and pupils within the guild, we shall presently inquire what was the course of study pursued, and what principles guided it. But turning aside for a little, let us now consider some of the restrictions exercised by the guild upon the sale of pictures. These were very severe with regard to pictures coming from outside the town or the territory, so much so indeed that a free intercourse of the artists of the various towns became impracticable. These regulations appear to me to be a convincing proof in favor of my theory that the development and progress of Renaissance painting in its wonderful variety greatly depended on the cultivation of the fine arts within the limits of local schools. This view, however, is by no means a generally accepted one. Many writers on art are wont to see the influence of the masters of one school on other schools, and, before all, in the case of such great masters as, for instance, Mantegna and Bellini. In their opinion such eminent artists were looked upon as models by most contemporary artists in northern Italy, and so these critics do not hesitate to speak of Mantegnesque or Bel-

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linesque influence when describing pictures produced by artists who lived at Ferrara, or Bologna, or Milan, or elsewhere. Again, in pronouncing their opinion on the style of pictures by Lombard masters, like Luini or Borgognone, they find that the peculiar expression of deep religious sentiment in the figures by these masters is derived from the influence of Umbrian painters, such as Perugino. In drawing such an inference they hardly consider that the various artists, belonging to schools of such distant places, not only had no intercourse one with the other, but that the statutes of their respective guilds would have made such intercourse, even if desired, absolutely prohibitive. I may also say that in the strong individual character of these masters there was little or no inclination to look for inspiration from foreign sources, and for borrowing and appropriating the merits of other rival painters. It would, perhaps, be more correct, in my opinion, to say, when we believe we have detected such similarity of style in the works of the various schools of painting, that it is due to prevailing tendencies of the epoch in which the works were produced, and that those tendencies were the common heritage of the civilization then existent. For, consider, how was it possible in Padua, for instance, that the productions of foreign artists should have any chance of success, or approbation, under the galling restrictions imposed by the guild? Think of the effect of rule 80:—

No painter shall be permitted to commission any other person, whether of the territory of Padua or a foreigner, to sell his pictures, if that person is not registered in the guild, and if he is not a painter himself. The fine, in case of contravention, will be ten lire for each picture, of which one part will be due to the chamber of commerce, the other part will have to be divided equally between the person who has made the denunciation and the guild.

And, again, rule 85:—

The *gastaldiones*, or trustees of the guild, shall have to elect every month two good and trustworthy masters, who shall have to visit several times, and to search most carefully, the studios and the houses of all and every the masters of the guild, in order to find out whether there are counterfeits or forged pictures. And if they come across any such forged picture they shall destroy it by fire in a public place, and the painter who executed it shall be fined to pay the equivalent of that work, if it was a good one. And if any one elected to carry out such instructions should decline to do so, he shall be fined twenty-five

lire, and, nevertheless, be bound to obey these orders, except he has a legitimate excuse, about which a meeting of our guild will have to decide.

Rule 86 further enacts that

nobody shall be allowed to bring any work of art, of whatever condition, value, or quality it may be, from a foreign place to the town or the territory of Padua, with the object of selling it, or of disposing of it in any way within the said town or district. Nor shall it be permitted to any one to sell or to dispose of such work in Padua or in the Paduan country, if some one else has brought it hither without special permission to do so by the *gastaldiones*, or trustees of the guild. And whoever may act contrary to these regulations shall be deprived of that work of art. The third part of its value shall belong to the Paduan chamber of commerce, one-third to the one who has made the denunciation, and one-third to the guild. It shall, however, be allowed to any one, whether a foreigner or a citizen of Padua, to carry such a work of art, coming from a foreign place, to some other foreign place, across the town, if, in doing so, he does not stop in the town or country for more than three days, and if he does not sell therein anything pertaining to the profession of the painters.

Again, it shall be permitted to any one, whether a foreigner or a citizen, to bring such works from any other place, whatever it may be, to sell and to dispose of it in the town as well as in the country, freely and without incurring a fine, at the festival day of St. Antony, eight days previously, and eight days subsequently. The same permission is granted at the fair of Santa Giustina in the month of October, and at the fair of St. Prosdocius in the month of November, and also at the fair of the villages of the Paduan territory, provided that such sales are only carried out at the said fairs and festivals, and that such persons do not dispose of any works of art by any one who, being not a member of our guild, may buy it with the object of reselling it in Padua or in the Paduan district.

Rule 87 enacts that no member of the guild shall be permitted to sell or to dispose of any work of art to any one living in Padua or in the Paduan territory, whether a foreigner or a citizen, if he were in any way connected with the profession, without being registered in the guild. Nor shall any one belonging to the guild be permitted to buy anything pertaining to the art of painting from such a person, nor shall it be lawful to help such a man in matters connected with the profession, or to procure him any profit, under punishment of ten lire, of which sum one-half will be due to the guild and one-half to the informer.

Not less interesting is rule 88, which

prescribes that members of the guild are allowed to bring or to have sent panels from any other place, and that they may also with impunity buy such panels from any person who may bring them to Padua or the Paduan territory, provided that such panels are not covered with gypsum—or, in other words, prepared for being painted on—that they are not finished panel pictures; nor shall they have any sort of decoration. In explanation of this I may mention here that, at any time, painting on canvas was not yet in use.

In order to be able to appreciate fully these restrictions of the guild of Padua against the introduction of foreign art, we must also consider the political position of that large and, according to the notions of those days, liberally governed town. Since 1405—that is, thirty-six years before this statute came into force—Padua had been under the permanent rule of the Venetian republic, and for this reason the statute had to be submitted for approval to the doge's government. In the application for having the statute sanctioned it was pointed out by the painters, who described themselves as being good-willed and as artists of repute, that similar statutes of other Paduan guilds had already been sanctioned, which certainly would not have been the case if the regulations had not been in keeping with the spirit of the times. The town of Padua is only twenty miles distant from Venice, where there were numerous painters, against whom these restrictions of the Paduan guild seem to have been especially directed. The statute of the painters' guild of Venice has unfortunately not been preserved, but we need not hesitate to assume that its restrictions against the artists of other schools were not less severe.

It may appear strange to us that under such conditions progress in the domain of fine arts was not hampered. But, as we cannot deny the fact that there was perhaps no time at which the art of painting advanced so much and so constantly, we shall have to reconcile it with the inferences to be drawn from the documentary evidence of which I have given an extract, viz., that every painter had to subordinate his inclinations to the interests and aspirations of the local school. In doing so we are, I believe, enabled to understand why in that period of the history of Italian art the individual character of the single masters was perceptible in their works to such an extent, although competition on a large scale was perhaps less possible than ever. It will no doubt be admitted that

one of the primary causes of such extraordinary results must have been the thorough training of the pupils in the studios of their masters.

The young artists of the Renaissance used to leave their masters and to become independent members of the guild, when about twenty years of age. Of some of them we know that even at the age of eighteen or nineteen they became celebrated, and executed large pictures independently. Very naturally such works, executed shortly after a continuous dependence on one single master, must have exhibited the influence of that necessarily one-sided instruction. Raphael, for instance, executed at the age of nineteen the large altar-piece of the Coronation of the Virgin, now in the Pinacoteca of the Vatican. Contemporaneously his former master, Perugino, executed a picture of the same subject, which is still at Perugia. During his stay at Perugia Raphael had been more of an assistant than of a pupil. Nevertheless in Raphael's picture of the Coronation we find the young master entirely dependent on the principles of Perugino's art, and we still find him a true follower of Perugino's in several other large and small pictures executed subsequently, such as the altar-piece with the Crucifixion until lately at Dudley House, the first picture on which Raphael placed his signature, and about which his biographer, Vasari, says that, if there were not his name on it, nobody would take it for a work of Raphael's, but for one by the hand of Perugino.

Leonardo da Vinci became a member of the Florentine Company of St. Luke—that is to say, an independent artist—in 1472, when he was twenty years of age. But some years later we find him still working in the studio of his master, Verrocchio. How an artist of so high a standing depended on his master's instruction becomes evident not only when we compare the finished works of the two, done in Florence, but also when we compare their preparatory drawings representing one and the same subject.

Among the art treasures in the Louvre at Paris there is one of the very few existing sketches in pen and ink by Verrocchio on a sheet with indifferent manuscript notes. The sketches represent some nude figures of children. The artist has evidently not been very careful in the drawing of the outlines. The shading is only superficially done. But with all these apparent defects Verrocchio has succeeded in giving to the attitude a natural expres-

sion, and even a marked liveliness to the movement of the head. The whole drawing exhibits evidently the hand of an accomplished draughtsman. When we examine the outlines of the limbs, we notice that the artist must have had full knowledge of the anatomy of muscles in children. In Verrocchio's finished works, representing children, we find these muscles rendered with a great deal more care than in the works of any other contemporary artist. The precision and fullness in the rendering of the limbs of children were also characteristic of his pupil Leonardo da Vinci. Nevertheless, the similar representations of the younger artist show a distinctive diversity of style, notwithstanding the great similarity in the general conception.

Several of Leonardo's early drawings representing children are to be found in the British Museum. As contrasting with the heaviness which marks the drawing of Verrocchio's, we notice here a greater freedom, and an air of elegance, not only in the movement of the head, but also in its expression. And this result is obtained with a greater simplicity in the outlines, and with an easier flow of the pen, than in the drawing of the older master. With this drawing of Leonardo's may be compared a well-known sketch ascribed to the same master, in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, with the representation of the Virgin and Infant Christ, who appears to embrace a cat. This sketch has been reproduced several times. In its execution the artist appears to exhibit more pains than either Verrocchio or Leonardo in the two drawings named before. The outlines are apparently done with more precision, also the shading is more careful. The conception of the subject impresses one as being Leonardo's, but the execution is not worthy of his hand. This is evidently the production of an old copyist or pupil, after an original sketch which is now lost. In looking at it we cannot help being impressed with the pains which the pupil seems to have taken to do his best in copying the original. The inferiority of his artistic faculties is especially apparent in the heavy outlines of the whole figure, in the clumsy rendering of the extremities, and in the want of proportion in the legs.

Such copies by the hands of pupils are frequently to be met with in the public and private collections of drawings by old masters. They are, perhaps, even more numerous than the original drawings by the great masters. On account of their infe-

riority they are generally considered by critics as forgeries, but in a great many instances this appears to me to be an unfounded criticism. In criticising these drawings we must not overlook the fact that most of them were done at a time when there were but few collectors, and when original drawings were still to be had in large numbers for little expense. I therefore think that most of the apparently old drawings which reproduce original sketches by the great masters, which are still in existence, or which may be lost, ought to be described more properly as works of pupils, and as such they have no doubt also some merits, and deserve to be appreciated.

In the studios of these painters it was one of the principal occupations of the pupils to draw from the models of their masters. An evidence of this we find in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci. Among his precepts for the students of painting the following passage occurs:—

The youth should first learn perspective, then the proportions of the objects. Then he may copy from a good master, to accustom himself to fine forms; then from nature, to confirm by practice the rules he has learnt; then see for a time the works of various masters; then get the habit of putting his art into practice and work.*

The plan of the young artist's education, as framed here by Leonardo da Vinci, is on a somewhat larger scale than was the practice of the time. We know that Leonardo attached great importance to a scientific study of the proportions of the human figure. Albert Dürer and a few others occupied themselves with similar studies, which they intended to make profitable to their pupils, whereas other great artists, like Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, and Correggio, took little or no interest in such mathematical inquiries.

Among Leonardo's writings there are a few other precepts which throw a fuller light on the method of instruction as practised in the painter's studio. A short but interesting chapter, with the heading "Of the Order of Learning to Draw," runs thus:—

First draw from drawings by good masters, done from works of art and from nature, and not from memory; then from plastic work, with the guidance of the drawing done from it (viz., by your master); and then from good natural models; and this you must put into practice.†

* See the Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci, edited by J. P. Richter (London, 1883), vol. i., p. 243, § 483.
† P. 243, § 484.

Again, he says in another place:—

The artist ought first to exercise his hand by copying drawings by the hand of a good master. And having acquired this practice under the criticism of his master, he should next practise drawings in relief of a good style, following the rules which will be given to him.*

The fitness of a boy for an artistic career was judged by his ability in executing his drawings, as Leonardo puts it very distinctly.

Many are they who have a taste and love for drawing, but no talent; and this will be discernible in boys who are not diligent, and never finish their drawings with shading.†

In a special chapter on the necessity of being very accurate in drawings he says:—

If you who draw desire to study well and to good purpose, always go slowly to work in your drawing, and discriminate in the lights which have the highest degree of brightness, and to what extent, and likewise in the shadows, which are those that are darker than the others, and in what way they intermingle; then their masses, and the relative proportions of one to the other. And note in their outlines which way they tend, and which part of the lines is curved to one side or the other, and where they are more or less conspicuous and consequently broad or fine; and finally, that your light and shade blend without strokes and borders, but looking like smoke. And when you have thus schooled your hand and your judgment by such diligence you will acquire rapidity before you are aware.‡

It was one of the rules of the old Venetian painters' guild, as I have shown when treating of the guilds of the early Italian painters, that during the winter season the pupils had to occupy themselves especially with drawing.§ A similar suggestion we find two centuries later in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci, and we may therefore suppose that this practice was a generally accepted one. In a chapter headed "Of the Time for Studying Selection of Subjects" the great Florentine painter says:—

Winter evenings ought to be employed by young students in carrying out the studies made during the summer; that is, all the drawings from the nude done in summer should be brought together, and so a choice made of the best studies of limbs and bodies among them, to apply in practice and commit to memory. After this in the following sum-

* P. 244, § 485.

† P. 243, § 482.

‡ P. 247, § 492.

§ *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1800, p. 791 f.

mer, you should select some one who is well grown, and who has not been brought up in the doublets, and so may not be of stiff carriage, and make him go through a number of agile and graceful actions; and if his muscles do not show plainly within the outlines of his limbs, that does not matter at all. It is enough that you can see good attitudes, and you can correct the drawings of the limbs by those you studied in the winter.*

We must not suppose that such careful studies in drawing were uncommon with the rest of the old masters. In Vasari's lives of the Renaissance artists we occasionally come across reports which clearly show that similar rules were practised also by other artists. Thus of Francia Bigio it is related that he studied his art so zealously, and with so much delight, that there was no day through the summer months wherein he did not copy some nude figure from the life in his studio, and to this end he kept persons constantly in his pay.†

Of the Florentine Baccio Bandinelli the same writer relates that, when he was a youth, he used to go to Pinzirimonte, a villa purchased by his father. There he would stand long before the laborers, who were working, and who, on account of the great heat in summer, were half naked, and would draw the figures of these men with great zeal and delight, proceeding in like manner with the cattle on the farm, which he would copy with equal care.‡

About the same time [so Vasari continues in his account of Baccio's life, whom he had known personally] it was the young artist's frequent habit to repair in the early morning to Prato, which was at no great distance from this villa, and where he would remain the whole day, drawing, in the Chapel of La Pieve, or cathedral, from the fresco paintings of Fra Filippo Lippi. Nor did he cease until he had copied the whole, more particularly imitating the draperies of that master, who was most excellent in respect of drapery —

a criticism which is much to the credit of the artist, when we consider that the prevailing taste of those days was no more what it had been at Fra Filippo's time, a hundred years earlier.

As Bandinelli went to Prato to draw from Fra Filippo's works, so most of the Florentine students of painting used to draw from the frescoes by Masaccio in the Brancacci chapel of the church "Del Carmine" at Florence. In the eyes of the Florentine Renaissance artists these

stood in about the same estimation as nowadays the fresco paintings by Raphael and Michelangelo in the Vatican, or the finest antique sculptures. They were, indeed, considered to be the best models for the students to draw from. Ample proof of this we find in Vasari's writings. To quote only one passage: —

Masaccio's works [so he says] certainly merit all the praise they have received, the more so as it was by him that the path was opened to the excellent manner prevalent in our times, to the truth of which we have testimony in the fact that all the most celebrated sculptors and painters since Masaccio have become excellent and illustrious by studying their art in making copies of the figures in the Brancacci Chapel.*

Then he goes on to enumerate the artists of whom he knew that they had copied from Masaccio's paintings, and among them he names Fra Filippo and Filippino Lippi, Sandro Botticelli and Domenico del Ghirlandajo, Andrea del Verrocchio and Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli, Michelangelo, Andrea del Sarto and Raphael, all artists who aimed at the very highest standard in the drawing of the figure; and to these names he adds a few others, such as Lorenzo di Credi, Francia Bigio, and Pontormo, who were of less repute, but who, as students, had been under the rule of very good masters, who doubtless directed them to copy from Masaccio.

Of all writers on art Leonardo da Vinci was perhaps the first who duly acknowledged the exceptional merits of that early Florentine master who had died in 1428 at the age of twenty-seven years.† Leonardo thought it very important that the artist should draw from a variety of models. He was even of the opinion that the painter, when investigating the beautiful in nature, should rather rely on the generally accepted views of the public than satisfy himself with his own conceptions.‡ No doubt there must have been some great danger in the one-sided and uniform instruction which the masters of the Renaissance imparted to their pupils within their studios.

A painter [so Leonardo says] who has clumsy hands will paint similar hands in his works; and the same will occur with any limb, unless long study has taught him to avoid it. Therefore, O painter, look carefully what part is most ill-favored in your own person, and take particular pains to correct

* Literary Works, vol. i., p. 249 f. § 497.

† Vasari, ed. Milanesi, Firenze, 1880, vol. v., p. 196.

‡ Vol. vi., p. 136.

* Vol. ii., p. 298.

† Literary Works, vol. i., p. 332, § 660.

‡ Vol. i., p. 226, § 532.

it in your studio; for, if you are coarse, your figures will seem the same, and devoid of charm. And it is the same with any part that may be good or poor in yourself; it will be shown to some degree in your figures.*

Not less curious is what he observes in some other writing on the same subject. The passage, which requires some explanation, runs thus:—

It seems to me to be no small charm in a painter when he gives his figures a pleasing air; and this grace, if he have it by nature, he may acquire by incidental study in this way. Look about you, and take the best parts of many beautiful faces, of which the beauty is confirmed rather by public fame than by your own judgment; for you might be mistaken, and choose faces which have some resemblance to your own. For it would seem that such resemblances often please us, and if you should be ugly you would select faces that were not beautiful, and you would then make ugly faces, as many painters do. For often a master's work resembles himself. So select beauties, as I tell you, and fix them in your mind.†

Now if we examine the pictures painted during Leonardo's lifetime, and before that date, from the point of view indicated in this remarkable sentence, we feel bound to say that there is really a great truth in the statement that every artist of those days had a quite peculiar manner of his own of drawing faces, hands, and other limbs—nay, even draperies and landscape backgrounds—so much so, indeed, that such peculiarities become a special means for the identification of the works of the several masters. Nor do I believe that the art-critic is going too far when he says that an old master may reveal his own style and manner in his works, not only by drawing hands, or some other limbs, with a clumsiness peculiar to him, as Leonardo expresses himself, but also, when representing the human body, by some special delicacy and refinement. In short, every master, whatever may have been his standard of beauty, has his own individual manner of realizing it. And we may also say that the scrutinizing eye of the critic is sure to detect in the works of the greatest masters some particular habits in the drawing of certain details, which reveal their individual style. Neither Michelangelo, nor Leonardo, nor Titian, is an exception to this rule.

Thus, to quote a few instances, Michelangelo, in drawing the outlines of the legs, is wont to represent the lower part

of the leg, where it is connected with the foot, with a pronounced narrowness, which surpasses the common standard of nature. Again, Titian, in drawing the hands, is wont to give to the palm of the thumb an unusually prominent shape. Raphael, again, in drawing the ear, represents that part of the human face in a peculiar way, quite different from that of any of his pupils or imitators, and so on. Again, Pinturicchio, the companion of Perugino, has a peculiar manner of drawing the outlines of the hands and of the ear, which is quite different from that which we always meet with in the works of Perugino.

In paying attention to such details we become enabled to distinguish also between works which, for instance, Pinturicchio painted at an early age, when under the more direct influence of his master, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and those of his riper age, because in the former his mode of drawing the ear has an unmistakable affinity with that of the earlier Umbrian master, whose works he then used to take as his models. In his later works, however, this peculiarity disappears. Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli were two artists who worked much in common, the latter executing sometimes works for which the former had done the design. But when we compare their drawings we detect that each of them had a special habit of shading his figures, by which they may be distinguished, notwithstanding the great similarity of their general appearance.

From what is known to us about the organization of the guilds it becomes evident that the narrow sphere of the education of these artists sufficiently accounts for such peculiarities of style, and in not a few cases these can be traced back to some special feature in the works of the masters under whose guidance they had studied the profession.

When Leonardo da Vinci settled down at Milan, a large number of pupils gathered around him, many of whom have, in later years, become famous artists of independent position. The school thus founded by Leonardo da Vinci appears to have been based on a wider plan, and on more scientific principles, than had been the case before with any other teaching master. There are, unfortunately, no contemporary records of the organization of that school. Besides the statements of its existence, in Vasari's and in Lomazzo's writings, we have no information whatever about it. But the style and character of the comparatively numerous drawings and

* Vol. i., p. 293, § 536.

† Vol. i., p. 293, § 537.

pictures, still in existence, which have the unmistakable impress of Leonardo's influence, testify to the thorough training of the various pupils who worked under his guidance.

About the lives of most of them we know next to nothing. Their names have been preserved to us, and, in the case of some of them, also a few dates. Nor do Leonardo's own writings supply the wanting information. They abound in expositions of scientific matter, but are scant in their references to the occurrences of daily life and to the persons who constantly surrounded him. Art historians of a later date have ventured upon speculations about the school of Leonardo da Vinci, to which the great artist had given the name of an "accademia," evidently with the object of marking it out as a school of a higher order than the ordinary teaching of the painters of the day. But this very name "accademia" is not to be met with among his writings, which cover about five thousand closely written pages, and we have no other authentic information at hand to confirm the statement that his school really bore this name than the fact that the inscription "Leonardi Vincii Accademia" is to be found inside six shields of twisted ornaments, executed in woodcut, of which the original blocks have been preserved to us in the department of prints in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Impressions of these knots of varying design may be supposed to have served for the covers of the portfolios in the painter's school.

At the time of Lorenzo il Magnifico there had been founded, at Florence, an *accademia* by several literary men, who thus intended to revive antique institutions of the time of Plato. Another *accademia* of similar tendencies had been founded in Rome at about the same time, but Leonardo da Vinci, was, it appears, the first who gave to a school of painters this classical name, which, at a much later date, has been accepted by all prominent similar institutions and associations of artists.

It is quite possible that Leonardo, in choosing the name of academy for his own school, intended to characterize it as an institution in which scientific principles were to be the guiding rules of study.

Lorenzo il Magnifico, in whose house at Florence the Platonic academy of literary men held its meetings, had also founded in his garden a museum with which an art school was connected. About this, which appears to me to have been a

prototype of Leonardo's academy, we find some detailed information in Vasari's life of the sculptor Torrigiano, the well-known rival of Michelangelo, who, in later years, came to England, where he executed several excellent works.

In the life of this artist the biographer relates that:—

Lorenzo il Magnifico allowed him to visit his garden, which was on the Piazza di San Marco, and which had been decorated profusely with figures from the antique and with examples of the best sculptors. In the loggie, the walks, and in all the buildings there were the noblest statues in marble, admirable works of the ancients, with pictures and other productions of art by the most prominent masters of Italy and other countries. All the treasures, in addition to being a noble ornament to the garden, were also a school or academy—Vasari uses here this very word—for the young painters and sculptors, as well as for all others devoted to the art of design, but more particularly for the young nobles, seeing that Lorenzo il Magnifico held the firm conviction that those who are born of noble race are in all things capable of attaining perfection more easily than, for the most part, are men of lower extraction, in whom we do not commonly find that quickness of perfection, nor that elevation of genius, which is so often perceptible in those of noble blood.*

After some more observations on this subject Vasari continues:—

Men of genius were always protected by Lorenzo il Magnifico, and more especially did he favor such of the nobles as he perceived to have an inclination for the study of art. It is, therefore, no matter for astonishment that masters should have proceeded from this school some of whom have awakened the surprise as well as admiration of the world. And not only did Lorenzo provide the means of instruction, but also the means of support for all who were too poor to pursue their studies without such aid. Nay, he further supplied them with proper clothing, and even bestowed considerable presents on any one among them who had distinguished himself from his fellows by some well-executed design. All which so encouraged the young students of our arts that, striving to emulate one another, many of them became excellent masters.

The guardian and head of these young men was, at that time, the Florentine sculptor Bertoldo, an old and experienced master, who had been a disciple of Donatello. From him the students received instruction, while he also had charge of all the treasures contained in the garden, with the numerous designs, drawings, cartoons, and models collected there by the hand of Donatello, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Paolo Uccello, Fra Giovanni Angelico, Fra Filippo, and other masters, native and foreign.

* Vol. iv., p. 256 f.

In concluding Vasari remarks:—

And, indeed, these arts can only be acquired by means of long-continued study in drawing, with frequent and careful imitation or copying of works by good masters. He who is not supplied with these facilities to progress, however powerfully aided by natural dispositions, can never attain perfection till a large portion of his life is spent.*

Neither the school in the garden of the Medici nor the accademia of Leonardo da Vinci survived their founders. They had, it appears, little in common with the old guilds, the spirit of which was scarcely in harmony with these new institutions. As long as these schools existed they depended on the strong will and on the personal influence of the men who had started them. They were well organized, and in every respect they must have had great chances of becoming permanent institutions, but evidently they were not in keeping with the spirit of the guilds, and this was sufficient to bring about their downfall.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

* P. 258.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE RUSSIANS AT HOME.

THE love of travel is an instinct probably more strongly developed in Englishmen than in any other nation, and it seems, therefore, the more strange how comparatively few have cared to visit Russia, and even these few for the most part within recent years. At a time when the rigor of a more than ordinary severe famine is throwing a lurid light upon the darker side of the national life, it seems opportune to try to lift the veil with a somewhat kinder hand, and to show what there is that is pleasing or promising in the Russian people.

One of the now, happily, annually increasing band of officers, military and civil, who have recently availed themselves of the facilities offered by government to learn the language, I have often been asked to write a short sketch of the nine or ten months which I passed—everywhere most pleasantly—in widely distant parts of the dominions of the Great White Czar.

I went to Russia knowing nothing of the people or the country, and with just sufficient knowledge of the language to enable me to ask my way about and to make ordinary necessary inquiries and

purchases, with much gesticulation and frequent reference to a pocket dictionary. I had all the usual current home ideas or prejudices about the people and country, such as that the Russian character is “essentially sad and silent, rendered so owing to long years of oppression;” that their own “language is so difficult that they find all other languages comparatively easy, and so can speak them fluently;” and, finally, that they were a partially civilized, semi-Asiatic people, much behind the ordinary West-country European. To take just these three points, I may say that a residence in the country has at least modified such ideas. I found them chatty, companionable, and cheerful, always ready to amuse and to be amused, and singularly hospitable. It is quite the exception to meet with a fluent linguist (I do not speak now of the highest class, nor of the Poles, who are often singularly gifted in this way); many knew a little French or German, and were often ready to assume a much deeper knowledge than they possessed; they spoke it, indeed, much as would the average middle-class Englishman, *i.e.*, badly. One rarely meets a Russian who knows English, and still more rarely one who can speak it, except in St. Petersburg or Moscow. As to the last point, that they are semi-barbarous, one should remember that there are so many varieties of type in this huge empire that it is not fair to judge the whole nation by what one may find to be the case in one part of the country. Certain peculiarities of manner, habit, or dress, to which I will refer hereafter, do incline one at times, perhaps unfairly, to take this view. I think the Russian middle and the rising generation of the peasant class are fairly educated, if allowance be made for the living under an autocratic government rigidly prohibiting all freedom of discussion and all liberty of the press.

There has lately appeared in a magazine a powerful article on the “Demoralization of Russia.” It is the most stupendous indictment of a whole nation, its government, and its institutions that I have ever read. Its bitterness is perhaps partially explained by the fact that the writer is, I am told, a member of that great, unique, and persecuted race, with all their wonderful history and marvellous fidelity to their traditions and faith, stretching back to a past beside which the history of ancient Greece shrinks into insignificance; and there can be no doubt that the “chosen people”—with whom I am much in sym-

pathy — have suffered, and are suffering deeply from the Russians. It was a distinct relief to me after reading that article to reflect that I had just returned from a ten months' residence in the country (during which time I had travelled nearly seven thousand miles by river, land, or sea, from one end of European Russia to the other, from Warsaw to the Crimea, the southern provinces round the Sea of Azov, through the Caucasus to Tiflis and Baku, and throughout the whole length of the Volga, from Astrakhan to Nijni-Novgorod, stopping *en route* at Tzaritzin, Saratov, Samara, Simbirsk, and Kazan, to Moscow, Kharkov, and Kiev in central Russia), and that I had met with nothing justifying so overwhelming and so bitter an attack. And yet my teachers and travelling companions were sometimes Jews, sometimes Poles, and sometimes Russians, and I lived in eight different families, my object being not merely to try to learn the very rich and beautiful language, but also to see as much of the different classes of people and of the country as possible. This may not have been the best way to study the language with a view to passing an examination, but it undoubtedly enabled me to see more of this great and interesting land and nation (with its many varieties of type) than I could have done otherwise, and it greatly enhanced the pleasure of my visit.

I found them a pleasant, hospitable, and social people, always ready to fraternize and help me in every way in their power. I was told sometimes by Englishmen in the country that they were a very childish people; in the ease with which they are willing to be amused this may be so, and also, perhaps, in a certain disregard of conventional appearances. I remember once seeing a Russian general and a colonel — and be it noted that officers invariably wear uniforms and swords — sitting on the ledge of a shop window in the principal street of one of the largest cities of the empire, discussing some matter with great animation, and wholly unaware of any incongruity in their position and of my somewhat bewildered stare. Imagine such a scene in Regent Street! My tutor, however, assured me it was nothing out of the ordinary, and laughed at my surprise. One certainly meets with little ways and usages common amongst the ordinary great middle class (if I may so call the class from which spring the immense majority of officers of the army, ordinary *tschinovniks* or officials, students, lawyers, professors of the universities

and schools, doctors, merchants, etc. — the class, in fact, among which the ordinary Englishman finds himself cast in his attempt to live in a family and learn the language) which strike an Englishman as being "not nice," and form to a great extent the ground on which we occasionally vote them as barbarous. Small matters, to which it would be a pity to attach undue importance, arrest one's attention, such as frequently eating with their knives as we use a fork; no salt-spoons either in hotels or private houses, the aforesaid knife being employed to help oneself to salt, sometimes stretching half the length of a table to get at it instead of asking that it should be passed; simplifying the carving of a fowl, for instance, by a liberal use of the fingers; using the same knife and fork for various courses, and helping oneself to vegetables, etc., by sticking one's fork into the dish and extracting what is required; and many other little points similar in kind. One common practice should be mentioned: the men, and sometimes the ladies, carry about a little pocket-comb, which is used in the most unconcerned way, anywhere, in a train, at a railway station, or on entering a room, without any apology. The hair is often worn by the men without any parting, sometimes rather long, and brushed or combed back or straight up, which gives them rather a wild appearance. These are some of the peculiarities of manner and ways which, however small, somewhat jar on an Englishman.

It is generally well known that the Russians live more indoors than we do, and are very partial to closed windows. The houses are kept surprisingly warm all through the long, severe winter by stoves built usually into the wall, and running from floor to ceiling, and often some of the windows are never opened till the summer comes round again! One or more of these windows generally has a single pane which opens or revolves, and this *may* be occasionally opened for a few minutes, perhaps once a day. What exercise Russians take is usually more of a gentle promenade than anything else; they will stroll up and down the principal street in the town, or in some small public square or garden, for hours, quite contentedly. Thus, in spite of the unique opportunity for skating which their long winter gives them, it is rare to find any Russian who can skate well. If you do find two or three good skaters, you will probably learn on inquiry that they are Englishmen or Germans! I was, however,

somewhat surprised to find most of the Englishmen who are in the country on duty (as I was, for the purpose of learning the language) anything but pleased or contented with the life they were obliged to lead. I remember well on one occasion an athletic young Saxon shrugging his shoulders and exclaiming, as some figure went by muffled up in a great fur coat of which the collar turned up as high as the top of the head, without using the sleeves, but holding the garment on as one might a shawl or blanket, with the hands very carefully folded *inside*, "Look at that now! I think I could" (pulling himself up and clenching his fist) "bowl over two or three of these fellows myself." Incidentally it may be remarked that this way of wearing a great-coat, even in summer, is almost universal, *i.e.*, without using the sleeves; so much so, that it is frequently so worn in the army by all ranks in uniform, and there is a special word in the language which designates this peculiar way of wearing a coat. I tried so to wear it once or twice; but it really is troublesome to keep on, and I am at a loss to understand how a custom neither convenient nor becoming can have become so general as to be distinctly national.

I will first note the points about the Russians, their ways and customs, which I did not like, and then touch on those which struck me favorably. First, then, their religion and priests. The Russian priest remains to-day, in spite of a great improvement in his position of late years, what I am told he has always been—the poorest specimen of his kind to be found anywhere. It is a very remarkable thing that a nation superstitiously reverent in many ways should have such a poor standard of clergy. To say that they are ill-paid is not a sufficient explanation, for this is true often of the Roman Catholic clergy, who none the less command respect. But the average Russian priest is tolerated as a necessity, as a necessary evil. A more unkempt, untidy, slovenly set of men it would be hard to find anywhere. Russians often told me that they were ill-read, and generally untrustworthy. Certainly, in no family where I lived did any priest ever set his foot as a visitor or guest, nor was he desired. They form a distinct caste, and as a rule only the children of the priest can become priests. They wear their hair long, and though I have seen some fine patriarchal-looking men amongst them, such were in a very small minority.

Then as to the religion. It is part of

the policy of the present reign (and to a certain extent it is also traditional) to multiply churches in every Russian town. When a new town is captured by the Russians, the first thing they do is to partly fortify it and build one or more churches. The churches are often open all day—as they should be everywhere—and there are generally some officials or alms-collectors somewhere within the building. If you hear a little louder talking going on than usual, it is probably some two or three members of the order gossiping together, or talking over the railing which surrounds the platform where the reading or chanting is done to some member of the congregation about matters entirely disconnected, judging by appearances, with the service, and, indeed, sometimes while some other reader, or preacher, or chanter, is actually taking part in the service. They move about and talk to each other without the smallest regard to the fact that another priest is officiating at the time not two yards from where they may be standing. I once saw a priest combing his long hair with his pocket-comb on one side of the railed-in platform, while on the other side the choir were singing! The churches are full of pictures inside, and sometimes outside, often beautifully painted; images and candles in every direction, and the amount of apparently aimless kissing, bowing, crossing, prostrations, etc., is somewhat bewildering. No member of the royal family travels in Russia without ostentatiously visiting the principal church at each town for a special service. He or she may be known to be not a very religiously disposed person, yet all such services are set forth unctuously and at length in telegrams, not merely in the local journals, but in all the newspapers throughout the empire. It would appear to be part of the policy of the present reign, a sort of attempt to kindle enthusiasm and fanaticism in and for the so-called "orthodox" faith, and to trade on the ignorant superstition of the peasant class, teaching them to despise those who hold any other faith or creed. From this point of view they do well to maintain an ignorant and subservient priesthood.

Thus we find the singular anomaly of a government apparently full of zeal (officially) for the propagation of one form of faith among its subjects, and for the suppression of all other forms, while the individual members of that government are notoriously indifferent to religion; and the people in the main, except the peasantry, no less so. And again, there exists in

Russia a priesthood, in numbers the most numerous, but in capacity the least efficient in the world.

I confess that I have never seen any religion which seemed to me so unreal, so artificial, and so little reverent as that of the Russian Church; but is it wonderful, with so poor a standard of clergy? The churches are often full, generally with the peasant class, and they, at least, are earnestly bent on prostrations, and what they believe to be worship. These peasants are intensely superstitious. But of the higher classes, who have to some extent cast out superstition and replaced it with indifference, who stroll in and out of a church as part of their promenade, pose and cross themselves, and look about eying everything as if out in the street, what can one think? The men, however, don't often go, and when they do, stay but a few minutes. Still, it is strange to see a man ostentatiously and repeatedly crossing himself, and all the while looking sideways at you and others, with an expression of lively interest in your dress or general appearance. There are no seats in a Russian church; you walk about, stand, or lie prostrate. There is never any organ or other instrumental music, but often excellent choirs, and some members of the choir are generally singing something. The singing is indeed a redeeming point; it is often very beautiful. The Russian has a natural aptitude for part-singing; the soldier, the peasant, the student, all form themselves into part-singers, and generally with excellent effect, wherever any number are gathered together. But in instrumental music they are no better than ourselves.

I found the ordinary official routine in government offices open to objection; the delay, the childish and often vexatious curiosity exhibited, the repetition of useless questions, the constantly repeated but utterly meaningless "immediately" in answer to your entreaty for a little despatch, the continual reference from one office to another, and the perpetual little exhibitions of self-importance, formed a *tout ensemble* which was the reverse of pleasing. They are always polite (but how little their politeness means) and always dilatory.

The way, too, in which the children are commonly brought up at home struck me unfavorably. From nine or ten to sixteen or eighteen years of age they are nearly always at school, usually as day-boarders only, girls for seven years and boys for nine years. But until they begin to go to

school, and on their return home each day about 3 P.M., they join the family circle and are treated as if grown up, and not merely are allowed to listen to, but often join in, the conversation of their elders, in a manner very unusual in this country, and which cannot be edifying or other than bad for any children. They know everything, and a great deal too much.

Another small point which excites the ridicule of an Englishman is the partiality of the men, though in no way related, for kissing each other effusively, even in the streets.

It is, however, proverbially easier to find and to dwell upon faults rather than upon the many excellent and pleasant points which come under one's observation, and which one is only too apt to take as a matter of course, and so scarcely to notice. I was agreeably surprised to find good and comfortable hotels, not merely in the capital cities of the empire, but in many others; in Kiev, Ekaterinoslav, Kharkov, in several towns in the Crimea, at Taganrog, Tiflis, and Baku, and at Astrakhan, Nijni Novgorod, etc. And in very many other much smaller towns or villages I everywhere found some very tolerable inns, quite enough so to make travelling throughout the country, even for a lady, anything but a hardship, and often a pleasure. And the same applies to railway travelling; it is generally slow, but very comfortable and clean. Somewhere in Sir Mackenzie Wallace's book about Russia he has said (although writing in 1876) that the railway carriages exceed our own in comfort, though the speed is incomparably slower. On the other hand, Mr. Hare, in his "Studies in Russia," describes railway travelling as being sometimes enough to make one feel as if seasick, owing to the long, swinging motion of the train. The steamer accommodation, too, is good, both as regards arrangement and food, whether by sea or river, and any one travelling much in Russia will probably have to avail himself a good deal of both. The writer has been on the Vistula, Dnieper, Don, and the Volga rivers, and on the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov, and the Caspian Sea.

The little that I saw of Russian country life was pleasing; it is a free and easy, unconventional kind of existence, and the people are so inclined to be sociable that it could not fail to be interesting, for a while, at any rate. The exodus from town to country as the summer begins is quite a feature of Russian life, and is

much more universal than amongst ourselves, and pretty little wooden houses, buried in small luxuriant gardens, usually abounding more in trees and bushes than in flowers, spring up in certain favored localities around the various towns, and though deserted in winter, are thronged in summer.

It is pleasant to see two peasants, though unaccompanied by their women-kind, courteously raise their caps to each other as they pass. The Russian peasant—the much-abused *mujik*—as a class always impressed me favorably; yet I never lived in any family in which I did not hear expressed somewhat contemptuous reflections upon this class by their social superiors. These latter are frequently sensitive of a stranger's opinion of themselves and their country and customs, and are always ready to attribute any shortcomings they fancy one may find to the peasant class, of whom they speak in an apologetic way, as if deprecating your supposed harsher judgment. Yet I found the peasants everywhere pleasant and generally communicative, and I think about the most hopeful of any class in the country. They form the backbone of the empire, and without them neither czar, government, or people could do much, and when at length the government's efforts to improve their condition and to enlighten them have had more time to take effect, I believe that they will make a better and more effective use of the increased power which knowledge brings than has yet been made by the great middle and educated class, the student class, above them. These latter are the true malcontents of Russia, and are always rushing to extremes in their zeal to improve the universe, or doing nothing but grumble bitterly. Moderate combination is unknown to them, and so they are always in trouble or in fear of trouble. If the present government is to be carried on at all, they almost *must* be treated as they are, as long as they keep up secret printing-presses, and issue writings abusive of government or planning its overthrow. I am not at all concerned to defend or approve the present government, but I do think it has no choice in its treatment of these men, who would do well to reflect sometimes that "il faut se soumettre ou se démettre."

Nothing surprised me more than the physique and bearing of the Russian soldiers. They are devoted to their officers, and work cheerily and well, and may be heard singing—and very well, too—wherever they are in any numbers at work

or on the march. They are anything but tidy or neat in dress or person, and slouch about in a manner which is eminently Russian, perhaps, but which would excite the contempt of Tommy Atkins. But, nevertheless, they are not only men of fine physique, but much older and harder-looking than our own, and work uncomplainingly all day. An ordinary Russian regiment would look shabby beside one of our own, and its drill would be slack; but in their powers of endurance, hard work, marching, and general contentment—*i.e.*, absence of all grumbling—we have much to learn from them. Their bravery is well known, even if it were not borne witness to by so many of our own officers who were through the Crimea. And their numbers—almost a million on a peace footing, and nearly two millions and a quarter on a war footing! I saw some splendid looking regiments in the Circassian army, soldiers of whom any nation might have been proud, and I may say the same of some regiments of Cossacks of the Don.

Another point which impressed me favorably was the gigantic system of education which has been introduced throughout the country. The school rates are exceedingly low, in some cases less than fifty roubles (about five guineas) in a year, and are open to all classes, and nearly all Russian children are compelled to attend unless especially exempted or unable to pay any fees. It is a curiously democratic system for a nation that is supposed to be the most autocratic in the world. All these schools are much alike; the majority of those attending them are children of the inhabitants of the town or district in which the school is. There are also village schools under government supervision, at which the attendance of all peasant children for three winters (but not in the summer, as then the parents require their help in the fields) is obligatory. There is nothing in the country corresponding to what we understand by our public schools. Besides these schools there are no fewer than ten *universities* scattered throughout the Russian Empire. I said just now that whenever the Russians acquired a new town there shortly appeared a fort or a barracks and a church; I might have added that very commonly one of these great schools was also established with surprising and creditable rapidity.

In regard to education I do not think that any one can deny that the Russian government has pursued an enlightened

and far-seeing policy, as respects, at any rate, their own subjects. Russians themselves often told me that the system of teaching adopted in these schools left much to be desired in many respects. But where is not this the case, more or less? The great point is that schools have been established throughout the whole country, and that attendance is practically obligatory. Even in small towns on the shore of the Sea of Azov and along the banks of rivers and in the Caucasus—*i.e.*, in the most distant parts of European Russia—such schools are found. It will surprise many people to hear that there is a *university* in Siberia—at Tomsk. We may, I think, confidently expect that as time shows more and more the benefit of the great wave of education which has passed over the country the system of education will improve.

As indicative, however, of the not altogether unmixed good of these democratic schools, I may relate the following: In one family where I lived—that of a colonel of artillery—the lady one day apologized for some boyish piece of ill-behavior at table on the part of her son, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, in these terms: "Please excuse him; but what can you expect, Mr. —? He is all day at his school, and may be sitting next some uneducated peasant's children most of the time, so small wonder if he acquires some of their habits and manners."

I have already mentioned the general hospitality of the Russians; everywhere it seems the same, and they are (in spite of an inquisitiveness which at times seems puerile) always anxious to get you to eat and drink with them, and give you all the information they can. In fact, they are often quite as communicative as they are inquisitive, although they may be total strangers. I had ample proof of this throughout my travels. Again, though generally a poor people, they are usually charitable, and free with their money when they have any.

Another small point which is very quickly and literally shaken into one is the wretched system of paving the streets of towns which prevails almost everywhere. They are commonly paved with small *boulders* about the size of a child's head, and the consequent jolting given by the springless and comfortless national conveyance, the *drozky*, rattling over such roads, is no less dreadful than the resultant din. Of the majority of country roads, the less said, the better.

It is not possible to do more than just

touch on the periodical literature. Most towns have their local newspapers—not so well got up as our own, and a good deal dearer. But the strict censorship exercised stifles any development or improvement in this direction, and tends to degrade the press. Cheap editions of the many excellent Russian authors are now beginning to come into general existence. That admirable and great "Russian apostle of truth," Count Leo Tolstoy, has done more than any man living to effect this great reform, both by example and precept. He is indeed the Russian "grand old man." There are a few fair weekly illustrated papers, but it is not yet possible to buy single numbers of any of the better-class ones, which is a great drawback and much curtails their circulation, for few people care to become yearly subscribers to a paper which may at any moment be suppressed by the censor.

I was much impressed by the fact that the English papers I received often gave me details of occurrences which had taken place in Russia, but of which nothing was generally known in the country itself; such, for instance, as the banishment or dismissal of some officers of the army and of certain professors or students from universities, or the persecution of the Jews, or incidents connected with the marriage of a certain duke against the czar's orders, etc. I always found my Russian friends very keen to know the contents of my English papers, and on several occasions they wrote to inquire from persons at the places named if so and so was really true, and on each such occasion it was verified by the private replies received. This is not a little remarkable. Since my return to England I have regretted to find several Englishmen who have been in Russia and are friendly disposed towards that country inclined to show their friendship by abuse of our own, for the most part, admirably and impartially conducted newspapers, for publishing "all sorts of nonsense about Russia." This line is sure to be popular with many Russians, who are often childishly susceptible of the criticisms of a foreign press, and resent them with no less childish petulance in some of their own journals. I have always found—though with warm feelings of sympathy for the Russians—that any such cases which they took the trouble to trace out were found to be based on facts, as indicated above.

It is pleasant to note how frequent lectures about Russia are now becoming in England. Nothing but good can result

from an increased knowledge of and interest in that country and its kindly people, struggling to force their way into the forefront of the world's civilization, though in some respects so heavily handicapped as compared with other nations enjoying greater individual liberty and independence. People often ask me about bribery in Russia, and about Siberia. With regard to the first, it is a great pleasure to me to reflect that I never even found it expedient to pay anything of the nature of a bribe, and much less was asked for one. On the other hand, Russians themselves seem to be quite ready to admit that it is a common practice amongst officials of all ranks. It is not an inviting subject to investigate.

One may live a long time in Russia and hear little of Siberia. The Russians seemed to think it was a necessity of their political existence, and say that its horrors are for the most part a thing of the past. I never heard any very marked aversion expressed to the system of Siberian exile, and any attempt to elicit expression of their thoughts about it always seemed to lead them back to the two great grievances of the educated middle-class Russian, viz.: (1) the censorship of the press, and rigid prohibition of free public discussion of political or even social questions; and (2) the impossibility of having any popular or representative form of government. There is a deep, widespread conviction that these must come in time. It is, indeed, the teaching of the world's history. Happy for Russia if they come peacefully, as the princely gift of some future benignant Peter the Great, and not as the result of a gigantic upheaval of the whole social fabric and government of the country, causing a world-wide, devastating, blood-curdling revolution. A growing impression prevails that Siberia is a rich country, full of promise of future wealth to the empire, which the railway now being constructed will speedily develop.

My sketch would not be complete without some reference to the very necessary pillar of Russian autocracy, the police, without which, indeed, it could not last a week in its present form. The ordinary police form a fine body of men, and of late years are for the most part fairly educated. Personally I have always found them as deserving of the name "the friendly policeman" when addressed or appealed to as in our own country, and have often had pleasant talks with some of them — excellent conversational practice.

There are, in addition to the ordinary police, whose officers are usually military men, two other branches — the gendarmes or detectives, and the secret or political police. Both these latter are very unpopular and held in great awe. Their duties may be expressed in one word, "espionage," and very well they do it, sometimes too well, indeed, as I learned to my cost. Their numbers are legion, and they are everywhere. No party of Russians, no society, feels secure from their mysterious presence.

It was my misfortune to see a good deal more of these two latter services, which are, though quite distinct, closely united and dependent the one on the other, than I at all wished. Indeed, had it not been so, I doubt if I should have heard much of them. I am quite sure that their suspicions never fell on a more perfectly innocent subject than myself, yet I only just escaped being unceremoniously bundled out of the empire with a very few hours' notice thanks to the energetic and prompt intervention of the English consul and his vice-consul, with both of whom I was fortunately acquainted and able to communicate before being expelled. That intervention obtained for me as a great concession permission to stay five or six days longer in the town I was in at the time, when I had to quit, but might go on to another part of Russia, and not, as first ordered, be conducted to the German frontier. This was the most that could be allowed. The English consul wished to report the case to our government, but kindly consented not to do so at my earnest request, as I feared I should be recalled to London to give explanations, etc., and so lose the opportunity of seeing the country as I wished to do, and be put to considerable extra expense.

It is, however, too long a story to be told in detail here, so I will simply say that the Russian authorities appear to have got it into their heads — how or why I know not — that I was a German spy. Many of my letters were stopped, and I was interviewed, followed everywhere by from one to three detectives, and the people with whom I had then lived (three families) visited and questioned about my movements, habits, objects, character, etc., for a period of nearly two months, culminating in an order, received at eleven o'clock at night, to leave that place for the German frontier by the first train the next day, as just related.

I devoted the last three months of my stay in the country to travelling about,

principally in the south of Russia, in the Crimea, and in the Caucasus. The river travelling is exceedingly pleasant, and provided that one is a good sailor, no doubt the sea travelling also, for some of the Black Sea steamers are very comfortable, and the Caspian steamers very fair. Those on the Sea of Azov are small, and it is a somewhat dreary and uninteresting coast all round. Of the Crimea, with its historic battle-fields, I will say little, as they have so often been described, but this was, perhaps, the most interesting part of my travels. The Alma is an awkward place to get at, for the battle-field is some eighteen miles from the railway-station of the name, and no conveyance can be got nearer than Simferopol, which is therefore the best point to start from. Considering how flat the greater part of this country is, one is the more struck by the very broken, rugged nature of the ground, especially around where the battle of Inkerman was fought. The easiest and pleasantest way to visit this locality is to row up to the end of the "Great Bay," a beautiful trip; and from there to walk over the different points of interest. To the sequestered little village of Balaclava — only eight or nine miles from Sevastopol — nestling to one side of the pretty, small, peaceful, land-locked bay, with its steep cliffs, and also to the cemeteries (except the Russian and Jewish cemeteries, which lie on the north side of the Great Bay, which should be crossed by boat, and then walking), and to the Malakhov and the Redan, it is best to drive, and then to examine them on foot with a guide. Sevastopol, in spite of its surrounding dry, burnt-up-looking hills, is a pretty place, with its admirable harbor, comfortable hotels, a fair though small public garden, some good buildings, and an interesting military museum. But the most beautiful place in the Crimea is the little seaside town of Yalta, now a fashionable health-resort. Its appearance from the sea as you enter the picturesque little semicircular harbor is exceedingly pleasing. Behind the town rises a striking-looking steep hill, here and there luxuriantly wooded, with lesser elevations on each side running down to the sea. There are several excellent hotels and a pretty public garden. Behind the main street, and extending far up the hillsides, nearly every house seems to have some kind of a garden, or trees, or vineyard about it, and the general effect is indescribably pretty as viewed from the harbor. There are some beautiful walks and drives in the neighborhood, and very

fair conveyances or carriages. It is an ideal place for a honeymoon.

Leaving the Crimea I spent ten days at different places along the coast of the Sea of Azov. Taganrog is the principal town, and both this and Berdiansk have fine large public gardens. The most noticeable thing about Taganrog is that, in July at all events, the ladies wear no hats. In Russia people generally dine between three and five, and usually go out after this meal, and it was then quite the exception to meet any lady with a hat on, though a few threw light shawls over their heads. The general effect was very pleasing.

I must hasten on to that country of wild hill beauty, the Caucasus, where I spent about six weeks on one side or the other, or in the midst of the great mountain range of that name, between Vladikavkaz, Tiflis, and Baku. If we ever have the misfortune to have to fight Russia, it is on the Caucasus that we could most effectively make impression; and alike in pleasantness of climate, in fertility of soil, and abundance of mineral and natural wealth, in vulnerability to attack, in its distance from the heart of the empire, and, lastly, in the absence of any feeling among the many different tribes inhabiting the mountain range of love or loyalty to Russia, in all these there seem reasons for regarding the Caucasus as a future and much more decisively successful "Crimea." If by any effort we could wrest that rich province from Russia, we should then indeed "command the highroad to India;" the Russian Asiatic army, numbering more than one hundred and thirty thousand men, that which threatens India, would be cut off in rear, with the Caspian Sea between us and them; while Persia would have nothing more to fear from her northern neighbor. If we, assisted by the Turks or other ally, could concentrate our attention on the northern part of the Caucasus, from Ekaterinodar to Vladikavkaz (the former being connected by rail with the small Black Sea port of Novorossisk, fifty miles distant, as well as with Vladikavkaz), to guard the entrance to the great highroad across the mountain range to Tiflis, while the Turks, assisted by us, attacked the Tiflis or southern side, and our fleet cut off all supplies from the Black Sea, I believe we should effectually settle the Eastern question to our satisfaction and the world's gain, and acquire a most beautiful and rich country. This would be an object worth fighting for.

The grand road across the great chain of the Caucasus from Vladikavkaz to

Tiflis is nearly one hundred and forty miles long, and rises to a height of about eight thousand feet above the sea-level. From time immemorial this has been the great highway of communication between Europe and Asia, and the present road is a striking instance of engineering triumph over great natural difficulties, and abounds at every turn with magnificent scenery and relics of past history. Here and there along the road are some excellent mineral springs. A very small but powerful fort at one part of it commands the pass on both sides; indeed, I think the pass or road in the hands of the Russians would be impregnable at any point, or very easily made so, from any foe, until the hearty co-operation of the mountaineers had been secured, but it could be closed at both ends and its defenders starved out with little difficulty as long as we commanded both Tiflis and Vladikavkaz. The road passes within a few miles of that splendid and majestic mountain (over sixteen thousand five hundred feet high), Kazbek, which is said to be about the height of Mont Blanc. I attempted its ascent twice, but the local inhabitants say that no one has ever quite succeeded in reaching the summit. Just below the great mountain and about fifteen hundred feet above the halting station (where there is a fair inn, as all along this road at intervals of from nine to sixteen miles), on the summit of a curious hill, stands a church of unknown antiquity, but said to be the oldest Christian church known still standing. It is, though small, very striking both from its unique position and its curiously massive architecture. The local inhabitants are mostly Gruzins, one of the largest tribes inhabiting the Caucasus, whose Christianity is a curious mixture of Mahomedanism and Christianity. To them this church belongs.

But the Caucasus abounds in interest and traces of the remotest antiquity, far beyond the scope of a single magazine article to deal with, and I therefore hasten on to Tiflis. This city of gardens, with its unattractive and dirty river and its teeming mixture of races, is more picturesque than pleasant, at any rate in August, when the heat is very considerable; grapes abound everywhere, and may be bought at about three half-pence a pound in August, and the poorest peasants may be seen everywhere eating this excellent fruit. The country between Tiflis and Baku grows less and less attractive as you near the latter town and the hills recede from the view. Situated on the shore of

the Caspian Sea, Baku is the windiest, sandiest, most unpleasantly odoriferous town that I have ever visited. The name, I believe, means "a blow of the wind," and is most apt. The surrounding country consists for the most part of bare sand-hillocks or plains, and nothing but a keen desire to see how the naphtha is worked could induce one to linger long in it.

From Baku to Astrakhan is about two days by steamer, stopping *en route* at Derband and Petrovsk, both pretty places; but the Caspian Sea lacks good harbors, and its commerce is comparatively insignificant. The trip up the Volga from Astrakhan to Nijni Novgorod is interesting; the steamers plying up and down are innumerable, and many of them are simply luxurious in point of accommodation and food. The scenery is nothing to speak of, but the towns are interesting, and some of them, as Nijni Novgorod, are very pretty as viewed from the steamer. They do not, however, as a rule, improve in this respect on closer inspection. But, indeed, in every town or village throughout the country the church or churches add much to their picturesque appearance. They are often made more conspicuous by the prevalence of gilt, sometimes entirely covering the large central dome and spire of the building, and they generally occupy the most prominent situations in the town; others, again, have bright blue or green colored domes, perhaps dotted with gilt points or stars, and often beautiful pictures of saints or Bible scenes are painted outside at the entrance to the building. The churches, too, have very fine peals of bells of a size rarely seen in other countries, and of exceedingly sweet tone. To a West European eye, however, all this bright coloring, and the general construction of the building, with its dome and surrounding minarets, seem more Oriental than Occidental.

The great fair was going on when I was at Nijni Novgorod, and like every one else who has visited it of late years, I was disappointed with it. From this point my travels lay through the larger central cities of the empire, which are too well known to require mention.

Very great has been the interest to me of seeing this country and its various types of inhabitants, and I cannot be too thankful that I utilized the last three months of my sojourn in the country to travel about as much as possible. The Caucasus alone richly repays the trouble and expense of a visit. I have seen many parts of the globe — from the East to the

West Indies, from America to the borders of the Celestial Empire, from South Africa to Russia—and on the whole, for charm and beauty of nature and for interesting variety of races, I give the palm to the Caucasus. Of the strange medley of costumes which the world's panorama reveals, I think none exceed in picturesque quaintness, at once becoming and exceedingly convenient, the dress of the majority of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, commonly called the "Circassian costume." Having worn it in the country itself, riding, walking, and mountain climbing, I may claim to have tested its convenience.

Heartily do I advise any one to whom it falls, not to lose the opportunity of visiting this part of the dominions of the czar of all the Russias.

From The National Review.

THE ROW'TILLY GIRL.

"He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be."

I.

THIS day, ransacking among my old deed-boxes, it all came back to me—that story of Kate Coulter—as some in cities have told me that their countryside will rise with the opening of a book upon a faded hedge-leaf. For myself, not being a townsman, except in so far as I belong to Riverton, which some upsetting bodies in it would fain call a town, I could never know that feeling. When I studied the law in Edinburgh I lodged down in Pilrig way, which was as good as living in the country; although from my high-up windows, looking over to the hills of Fife (which I did just as often as I could), I felt the masts in the Firth coming between me and them like to make me play the traitor, so able were they to quicken even my peaceful inclination to a longing for the wide worlds they sailed to. But I went back to Riverton early,—it was at the August Market before Robert Learmont was given out as dead,—and, maybe, in its little compass have seen as many of the tangled and the crooked things of life, as the most venturesome; and since then I have not wakened ten mornings together upon any sight but the uplands towards the coast and, against them, the tree-tops, now bare, now cosy; except, indeed, in my honeymoon which we spent in London, putting up at the Tavistock, on the recommendation of Mr. Tosh (although I

must say he never recommended the marriage), and rubbing our eyes of a morning, to a terrible Babel of sound in Covent Garden Market worse than the cawing of the rooks at my own back door here.

Tosh and Shirra, Writers, has been upon the office door for thirty years and more, although Mr. Tosh was carried off with a blood-poisoning a quarter of a century ago, and left neither son nor heir to share with me in the business, but just his name that has outlived his memory. In the days I am writing of I was only Mr. Tosh's clerk; but, being his sister's son, I knew his affairs, and other peoples', as well as he did himself. That is saying a great deal, for Michael Tosh was a big man in these days—indeed, the biggest man in the place unless you share Mr. Henry Anderson's opinion of himself—holding the confidences of all the gentry for miles around, and down even to St. Brise and the villages on the coast, forby being consulted by lesser folks of all degree, as you could have seen for yourself if you had had my place in the waiting-room on a term day. In one way it's the same now; but it is more a matter of exchange and less an honorable confidence between lawyer and client than it was when those titles and bonds were drawn, which, yellow and faded, I found to-day in the Learmont deed-box.

John Learmont was a sprig of a very slender branch of a family once mighty in the east end of the county. There was an ancestor whom a righteous man in the Scots Kirk called the "Frenchiest, Italianest, jolly gentleman," meaning that as a reproach, and John Learmont, I have heard, was not slow to take after him in some of his ways. He sailed to India and took a woman of the country, a proceeding which had nothing uncommon about it except that he married her. And Mimi—that was how he called her, and how she signed her name neatly enough to these papers—Mimi bore him a child, a boy, that grew up with no more color than any Scotch laird would be proud of in his son. In course of time the father died, and the widow and her boy Robert turned to Learmont's county of Fife, and settled at Hawfield.

Even for a dark woman, Mrs. Learmont had no beauty. She was small and squat, and without comeliness of feature. But she had spirit; and that, I fancy, was why Learmont had come to fancy her and ultimately to marry her. Being highly educated among her own people, and nimble

in her wits as well, she had drunk in the glorious traditions of England till they fired her blood like wine. She was prouder of them than ever she would have been if she had shared them with her husband instead of craving some little title to them through him. In that pride she nurtured the lad, sensitive enough, herself, to any look or word of color thrown at her; and a very she-devil if it were cast up against her boy. He little deserved having it cast up to him, being, as I have said, bronzed only as a white face ought to be by laughing in the eyes of the sun. With this he had a lithe Indian build, that set him in the forefront of his fellows for feats of limb, in the days when he chased the young horses, with the shepherds' sons, in the grass-parks round Hawfield, and later at his school in England and when he joined his regiment. His mother watched this, and stroked and fingered the proud nature with which he had clothed himself, feeling its texture constantly and trying its wear, and scarce able to bear her heart beating with the consciousness of what she thought was her husband's race in her boy. I do not speak from knowledge of him, but only gather what threads have come to me to a pattern. It may well be that he was a battleground of races. At any rate, there was a look from beneath the black eyebrows that at times was frank and winning, and at others full of a cunning at which the country louts wondered and felt creepy; at all times telling of the pride swelling the delicate nostril that had not a trace of his mother's race, drawing the curves of the mouth taut as a bow high-strung, and letting his head play freely on his shoulders like a strong man that feels his foothold on the rock. All this we might have noticed when he came home in the summer and again at Christmas, and sometimes between; and it was 'the very devil to any woman that he looked on, if she looked on him again.

Now, from Riverton to Hawfield the road runs through Denbrae and sharply to the right, westwards, until, a mile farther on, you come to the first stone pillars at the end of the Hawfield Avenue. Presently the road doubles back on John Coulter's farm; but the nearest way thither from Denbrae village is on the north side, where issues a cart-track that, winding round plantations and through acres of fern and whin, creeps to the upland farm of Row'tilly. The proper name of the farm, indeed, is *Rowantilly*, and one does not need to ask why if, on a summer day,

he climb the steep path to it. The woods are fringed with rowan-trees; and it is seldom that a townsman or a stranger arrives at the steading with hat or belt unadorned with the clusters of red berries. Theirs, however, is the only color in the landscape. The woods are gaunt. The outlines of the little hills are not majestic, or even tender. The farmhouse is a plain, two-storied building, coom-ceiled. The wooden porch faces the hill, and in front of it there is a green park girded on every side (save that on which the burn rushes when there is a spate on the hills) by a garden of vegetables and fruit-bushes. The stackyard at the back of the house wanders among byres and stables and corn-lofts. The very fields around are unkindly, and the rock crops quickly to their surface. All this you will find as I have written it down, if you will take the trouble to cover the three miles out from Riverton to Row'tilly; and it was the same thirty years ago, when Mrs. Learmont lived at Hawfield, and John Coulter farmed her twenty acres along with his two hundred acres in Row'tilly.

That year Robert Learmont remained at Hawfield late into the autumn. He was there at the Row'tilly harvesting. Harvest was always late, the land being high and silly; and it was especially late that season, as Nell Coulter had occasion to remember, for her marriage with Dave Sturrock, the Denbrae baker, could not come off until the last sheaf was stacked. One day, when there was a sweltering heat for that time of year, and just about the dinner hour, Robert Learmont came across the field among the stooks. Now, a field that is cutting is sacred to the shearers, and whoso trespasses must pay the penalty of "bengie;" that is, he (or she, for that part of it), may be seized by heel and crop, and bumped upon the stubble until he, or she, is tender, unless there is a compounding with money for an exercise few have a mind to. Accordingly, when the word went round the field of Robert's presence in it, they converged on him, and would have seized him, I dare say, for he was not one to send a coin on a fist's errand. But at the moment his eye fell on Kate Coulter, who had come running, with her arms full of the shearers' bread, when she saw the workpeople crowding to one spot. For all that her eyes were young and inquisitive, she had the figure of a woman, as was more plainly seen now that she had come to a stop, with her bosom heaving on her long breaths; her dark eyes shining under

lashes blacker than Robert's own, and all the ripeness of her lips and throat showing in the sunlight.

He took a crown-piece from his pocket, passed through the brown arms still arched to throw him, and pressed the coin between her fingers as, well apart, they clasped her burden. With that he looked through the warm haze of her face into her eyes, and held them for a second, without saying a word, so far as they could see. I suppose she did not hate him, even then, nor had cause to. But it has always seemed to me that a woman's self-protection is a cruel business at the best. The ammunition of her defence differs from that of men as dynamite differs from gunpowder; his leaving no more than the dirt of battle at the most; hers often shattering herself. She dropped her load; he could see a squall of anger sweep across her face; and even as he thought it wonderful—that change in her—the silver-piece stung him, flung full on his cheek with all the force of the country girl's wrath. Stooping to hide the shot of pain in his eyes, he picked up the crown, to have pocketed it with a compliment, no doubt; but Kate, when he looked for her, was striding across the field to Row'tilly. He spun the coin high in the air—an action like a sneer—and with his face burning round the inflamed spot, as it seemed to the workers, he turned on his heel to Denbrae.

Among the farm servants it was the talk of days how the "maister's dochter" had served young Learmont; and many, when they passed him on the road, were curious enough to hold to the right and look for the red spot still visible on his left cheek. By the time the tale was old on their lips, Robert had held Kate in his arms and she had kissed that scar. How, when, where they met, no one ever told me, and I believe no one ever knew. But there was no lack of occasion, with the harvest carried on under the moon, and Kate going to and fro between the farmhouse and the field, and Robert with such a way with women, as every one knew. He was back again in spring; and in the summer—a flying visit (to see Kate, he said) before he set out for the front; and Kate—the proud, reticent girl whom Tam Sturrock worshipped from afar—yielded to him with the wonderful yielding of women.

II.

I WELL remember that Sunday morning when Michael Tosh passed the win-

dow—it was my father's window then—and caused us to rise all together, knowing that something very important must account for such a precise man going out of his order. Mr. Tosh shook hands with my father first, as his way was ever. There were some folks who said that my mother, being Mr. Tosh's sister, might have looked higher than plain Mr. Shirra in the excise. Mr. Tosh never showed that that was in his mind, although I believe it was there. Being a proud man, with a shrewd eye, he knew that that kind of pride looked best when it was saddled and ridden.

That morning he said to me, passing over these civilities with something of perfunctoriness,—

"Put on your shoes, David. I'll want ye this forenoon. It's an errand o' necessity if not o' mercy," he said, turning to my father, who was very particular in the ways of keeping the Sabbath, "an' the kirk maun hang in the head o't, this day."

When we got out on the road,—

"There's news come with the coach this morning that Robert Learmont's killed at the Redan," he said. "The guard's blowing it about like a blast on his tooter, an' we maun break it up at Hawfield before it gets there on coarse tongues."

It was easy to see that it was against the grain in him, this errand, and that my company was just for company's sake. It's a sore business dealing out fortune's blows, even if you know your stroke will be lighter than most. Old Michael knew what the blow would be to the woman the roots of whose life were dug into that body that maybe by this time was long shuffled underground. But he was not a man to shirk his duty.

We reached Denbrae when the bells were ringing in, and saw the folks popping into the kirk, for all the world like rabbits into their burrows. We had passed into the Hawfield road when the Hawfield dog-cart came rattling along it, and Mathie Oliver, the coachman, looking in a terrible way.

"Good-morning, Matthew," said Mr. Tosh, holding up his hand no higher than his waist-belt, as if that was high enough to stop a coachman. But Mathie's words tossed up the old man's gentleness as you've seen wind toss the fallen leaves.

"Heist ye, Mister Tosh," said he. "I'm awa' for the doctor. There's news come o' young Robert's death in the Crimea, and the auld lady is taking on something awfu'."

I could see disgust at the turn of affairs creeping up to Mr. Tosh's eyes like a sickness.

"Who—who was it carried the news to Hawfield?" he asked.

"Mister Hendry Anderson cam running out an hour syne, and tell't's——"

"Oh, yes! Matthew Oliver," replied Mr. Tosh, very precisely, turning on his heel. "Oh, yes! Hairy Anderson was always such a *particular* demned ass!"

With that he set his feet again into the Riverton road, leaving me to follow. And at the bend where the Row'tilly pathway runs into it, I could see Kate Coulter hurrying down it, late for the kirk. I looked to have walked the few steps to the kirk-gate with her. Most lads round about were drawn to the Row'tilly girl, less for her beauty than because of her holding-back, proud ways; but Kate hung in the road—because she saw my company, I said to myself, with what would have been vanity had I believed it. And Michael Tosh calling me alongside of him, I fell into his short steps again, and so went home thinking of how the day's business had fallen out, and never dreaming that I was turning my back on the end of it.

But it was so, as you shall hear presently. So far, I have told what I can vouch for with my own eyes and ears. The rest is a tale patched like these new-fangled counterpanes; pieced out of the odds and ends of folk's talk, and remnants of gossip, without any very certain pattern, but with the suggestion of many. There's a very brisk lad that brings his paint-box down the burnside every summer, who says that that's the kernel of art, and calls himself a Whistlerite, whatever that may be. Perhaps it pleases some folk to pay their money and take their choice. For my part I would not buy a picture like a pig in a pock, and have one man say it was the sun that hung in the heaven, and another that it was the moon; or worse, as I have seen happen with this young birkie's own canvases, have whole five men examine it, and not one of them with more than an opinion which was the right end on. I have nothing to do with art, which seems to me a highfalutin' title taken by a thing that's not very sure of its own merit. I have only a story to tell as plainly as it is to be known on this side of the grave. And, if, when you have heard them, you wonder how so many things could come within one man's ken, remember I have attended at many deathbeds. Besides, we are a simple,

gossiping people, and were even more so in those days; so that when all had come and gone, many remembered what Learmont said, and what Kate, and what Tam Sturrock; and told the sayings again.

When the congregation gathered in Denbrae kirkyard for the afternoon service the bits of the morning's news were put together. Some declared that Mrs. Learmont had it by word of mouth passed on from the coast by the coach, others that it came by letter. Both were right. We know the amount of truth that was in the word-o'-mouth story, and Mrs. Learmont did get a letter. But of all the intricate things in life this is the saddest: that it is not the truth of a thing that is going to be of much use to you, but the knowing it true. The Denbrae gossips had learned nothing when they had not learned that the word in the letter cancelled Henry Anderson's, and told how Robert Learmont had a wound indeed, but not a deadly one. We found that out when it was too late. What we shall never find out (although I have no doubt on the point) is, when Mrs. Learmont learned it; whether or not she had read that letter before she saw Kate.

It was the habit of the Row'tilly family to spend the interval between sermons at Dave Sturrock's, supping their broth there instead of at the farm; a good arrangement for people who had no leisure for visiting on week-days. It gave time for Kate and her mother to inspect Nell's bairn, and for Row'tilly to advise Dave on his game bantams—occupations full of digestive restfulness and not likely to drive away the afternoon's sleep. This day, however, Mr. Coulter and his wife being absent, Dave got through his pipe sooner than usual; and he and Nell and Kate arrived at the kirk in plenty of time to join the groups that gathered to talk of crops and cattle, and the dead on whose flat grave-stones they were sitting. Tam Sturrock was never behind in seeing Kate's arrival; and it was he who told her the news of Robert's death.

"Wha had ye this from?" she said quietly.

She was gone all pale below her dark skin, as Tam might have seen if he had not been the honestest man that ever stepped, with the dumbest eye that ever worked in an honest man's face. He was not like his brother Dave, who was born pawky.

"It was Jeems Patton's wife tell'd me," he said; "and she got it from her guid-

man, who met Sandy Milne as he was coming from mending the coke-fire at his maut barns."

"I daursay that's enough voucher for the truth o't," said Kate, the catch in her throat making a chirrup in her voice, which Tam, with the pitiful conceit of men, mistook for the mirth of a woman, who is not ill-pleased to be talking to a man. With that she walked into the kirk and forward to the Row'tilly pew.

Denbrae church is old and dingy, with very deep seats, from which to see the preacher is to strain the neck over the book-boards. The occupants of neighboring pews are hid from one another. Tam, who sat with his brother at the back of the kirk—a position full of all advantage, except that of having a sight of the clock, whose old, yellow face beamed from the front of the gallery benignant with hope—gazed at the Bibles before him as if at any moment they might fade from sight and display to his rapturous eyes the flower in Kate's bonnet. That was all of her that peeped above the Row'tilly pew. Jean's bonnet-crown was never so fascinating as on that day; and so Tam thought as the preacher thumped his Bible in the interests of an overruling Providence. That is a doctrine the truth of which varies a great deal with how the world is using the hearer of it. Tam, if he heard it at all, was doubtless seeing in the two miles of hill and bracken that was Kate's road home, and in the want of her father's and her mother's company, an illustration of it; and wondering if he had the courage to apply it. But the sermon was not finished when the gloaming clouded the little windows; and the minister, pausing, said,—

"It's time the upland folk were getting away home; it's falling dark."

It was a usual enough intimation on winter Sunday afternoons; and scarce a sleeper was disturbed by the silence as Kate, and here and there a ploughman or a cottager from the hills, emerged from their pews. But Tam, his afternoon's ambitions at all the portholes of his sense, was for stealing out too, when Dave caught his coat-tails, and pulled him down.

"Sit quiet, ye nowt!" he whispered. "It's just the Row'tilly fowk." And he held him fast as Kate and his opportunity passed by.

Clear of the village, Kate was running. The ploughmen in her wake on the Row'tilly road saw her run up the first brae, and said, "Has Row'tilly a cow in calf the now?" trying thus to account for the girl's

haste and the farmer's absence. They thought it strange, too, that the darkness should fall so quickly that they did not see her round the farther bend. But Kate never rounded it. She struck across country for Hawfield. She was still running when Rab Cuick saw her at the Silver Wood. So he said. He is a disinterested liar, I admit, and would have made her run although her walking would not have told against his own ends. But on this occasion I could well believe him. When Christian Baxter opened the Hawfield door to Kate, the ball clock was striking four, and before she had closed it she heard the far-off Denbrae bell sounding across the fields. Therefore the girl must have covered those two miles and three-quarters of field-ridge and stubble in less than half an hour. I have had dealings with Christian Baxter since then, and have often probed her memory; but if there was anything more hidden there I never hit it. She let Kate in because there was urgency in her tones. She carried her to Mrs. Learmont's room, and Mrs. Learmont was as calm as a pie. These are Christian's own words; and she said, moreover, that for the hour the two women were together, although she was hovering in the neighboring room, she never heard a word raised higher than ordinarily, nor ever, even on the two occasions when she had to go in beside them, observed so much as a crack in Kate's voice.

"They were sittin' close thegither, and Mrs. Learmont had the lassie's hand in hers. I tell ye Kate's hand that was as red as a haw looked white below thae black fing'rs. But it wasna' Kate Coulter I lot oot that night. It was a girl that wasn't going, but was being sent; it minded me o' the stories of folks that had seen a sicht."

Mrs. Learmont's calmness would seem to show that she had read that letter. You may ask why, if that were so, she did not relieve the whole house with its message. I tell you she had no world outside of Robert; the rest was dirt. On the other hand, when Kate came in, all sick with fear, and hope, and shame, drawn to the only other heart in the world that beat to Robert's, why was not the later news, if Mrs. Learmont had it, clapped like a comfortable plaster to her sore? Bah! Why should I beat about the bush? I have not a point of evidence to go to a jury with. A sheriff would not listen to my story. Yet I know, as well as I know that from the time it flashed upon me I have looked on women differently, that

Mrs. Learmont damned her soul in that hour for her son's sake. She may have had an inkling before that of what Kate had to tell; she did not require it. Without that great love in her, her cunning and nimbleness of wits would have taken in at a flash what staidier people needed long looking for. Was there no great hate for the girl battered down under her hatches? Yet she sat there playing on Kate as on a harp with the most delicate touch possible; making believe that it was the woman in her that was drawn to the woman in the other; disparaging her color that she might exalt the sacrifice demanded from a girl of her husband's race; fanning the mad flame of Kate's resolve; never disturbing the girl's assurance of Robert's love, yet gently broaching it so that it leaked away. It was the sight of these black fingers on the honest brown, called up by Christian's words, that sent a suspicion through me that has been verified since then — to my satisfaction at least, although, to be sure, some folks think otherwise.

III.

MEANWHILE the neighbors whom Kate had left behind, ceasing from their slumberous worship and tumbling out of church as from their beds, had never a thought of the life and honor hanging in the balance at Hawfield. Already Nell Sturrock was back in her own house; Dave and Tam, as was their wont, lingered at the end of the road.

"I canna' think what they twa get to crack about," Nell said to herself. "They would stand a moon."

But I dare say she could think very well; women are clever. The lawyer trade is a royal road to knowing them, and I tell you that most of them that I have met have the heels of a man in the conduct of affairs, any day. Depend upon it, a woman knows what happens to her when she marries. She may twirl a husband round her little finger. Nell did. I suppose if I denied ability to cite an instance nearer home, it would not be believed. No doubt she does it the more viciously because she knows quite well it does not entail any hold on his inclinations. When you see men very happy hobnobbing together, be it in clubs or at street corners, and yet going home to their wives, find what consolation you can in the thought that the grey mare is the better horse always.

Nell opened her door, mixing the fragrance of the tea and bacon, prepared

against her husband's return, with similar fragrances that issued from every couthy fireside in the village.

"Dave." The voice was not so musical as when she was Nell Coulter.

"Comin'," he replied, continuing his talk with Tam.

"Man, Dave," Tam was saying, "I've felt lonesome sin' ye went and got merrit."

"I believe't," replied Dave.

"And that cannot be helpit."

"No. It cannot be helpit," acquiesced Dave, with the gusto of conviction.

"And I'se warrant Kate's the same without Nell?"

"Maybe."

There was a pause; then Tam again, — "What's to hinder me makin' up to Kate?"

"Ha'e ye considered her worldly standing, Tam?"

"Huts!" said Tam with a great deal of spirit. "Nell was ready enough to tak' you."

"Tam," replied Dave, stung with the truth, and finding it rather pleasant, "if I hadna' behaved myself at Row'tilly you wouldna' daur to show face there."

All the world — all the world of Denbrae, that is — knew how humbly Dave had mounted the Row'tilly road to woo Nell; and Tam acknowledged the fact, as Nell's voice sounded through the night once more.

"Could she put in a word for me?" he said doubtfully, nodding in Nell's direction.

Dave shook his head. "That would be asking a vote o' confidence," he said at length; and evidently he could not risk it. "Na, na, Tam, laad," he said; "we'll let sleepin' dowgs lie."

"But tak' your will o't, Tam," he said at parting. "I'm no saying a word against naeboddy; but mind, it's the verra deevil when your wife casts her former estate in your teeth."

That night Tam went up the Row'tilly road, whistling, Sabbath though it was, to keep his courage hot. When he reached the steading he saw a light in the byre, and, going inside, found Kate, as he had hoped, alone, milking her cows. She started to her feet when she saw him.

"What brings you here, Tam Sturrock? Have you any ill word from Dave's folk?" she cried, with a frightened look.

He had expected a mischievous glance, a saucy word; but when he shook his head, the scared, white face — Kate's face — turned wearily away from him.

"It's not with an ill word from Nell,

but for a good word from you, I cam," he blurted out boldly. But Kate said not a word as, with her back to him, she continued with her milking.

"Kate — Katie," he said, in desperation, fumbling with a paper in his hand, "I brought a bit o' poetry to you, Katie. I made it up in the kirk."

I dare say he made it up quickly enough. It had no merit, and trash comes as readily as the words of genius. It is mediocrity that takes time.

"I'll read it to you," he went on. "Ye'll not laugh at me, Kate?" Poor Tam!

As Kate said nothing he drew nearer, and bending beside her at the lamp delivered himself of his doggerel: —

Denbrae lasses are plump and fair,

And ilka ane has her billie, O

There's nane with mine that can compare —

Kate Coulter of Row'tilly, O!

But when he looked up, sheepishly, from his reading, Kate sat with her face in her hands, and he could hear her sobs.

"For your ain sake, for my sake, go away home," she cried; but, awed as he was, he would have put his arms around her.

She started to her feet and threw him off, and would not have him near her.

"Don't touch me; don't come near me," she sobbed out piteously, shrinking from him. Then, I believe, she felt that he guessed the shame that all too clearly that day had revealed to her.

I know Tam better than you who know him only in love, which, whatever we may say, is not a condition to be proud of. I believe it of him that he was no tenderer, no sterner than the rest of us would have been.

"They all come with fine words. There's no poetry in the end of it," was the last thing he heard Kate say; and as he listened to it, it seemed to him it was a charge no son of Adam could plead guiltless to. Standing there, his love upon a broken wing, there stole into his untutored, boyish mind as he has told me himself, some insight into the mystery of one bearing the sins of many. Then he stumbled down the Row'tilly road, his hope on the wane as Jupiter was in the sky before him.

That night Dave and Tam were summoned from their beds to Row'tilly. From down in the valley dim figures with torches could be seen in the steading and among the uplands. By the grey light of the morning the brothers found the girl's body in the pond among the hills.

When any Denbrae body tells the story of Kate Coulter he finishes here; as if it were "Puir lassie; and there's an end o't." But I recall the story because in course of time Robert Learmont came back to Hawfield. Tam Sturrock and John Coulter waited for a word with him. It would have been a hot one even if, as I contend, Robert Learmont could have pled an honest intention in the end; for there is plenty room to be selfish in this world without reaching to the bounds of selfishness. But they never had that word. Mixed blood, like Learmont's, has no stamina; and after that wound Robert had to pass the short remainder of his days in warm countries.

And this is what I know. He had not long returned when Mrs. Learmont had a tale to tell him, exultantly, cunningly; and when she finished he spoke a word, and the light faded from her eyes. It is true that at the end she was by his bedside. Nature knows her own business, and she would see to that. But from the time that word was spoken until the very end, there was little that was lovely passed between them.

DAVID S. MELDRUM.

From The Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

THE DRAINING OF THE ZUIDER ZEE.

THE draining of the Zuider Zee is progressing with even better success than was expected — that is, the preliminary work of erecting a dam, for the actual draining comes after. It is strictly a war of revenge, for it is not very many centuries since the Zuider Zee was an inland lake with a small outlet. The Dutch are, therefore, recovering a province lost to their ancestors by the invasion of the sea. A good, solid, broad foundation has already been laid, extending from the north point of north Holland across to the island of Wieringen, and thence straight across the Zee to the nearest point of the opposite coast of Friesland — a distance of eighteen miles only. It has been found that as the work proceeds the sea itself assists by depositing enormous quantities of sand and silt every tide on both the outside and inside of the dam, which is being gradually raised in its whole length simultaneously. When the project of draining the sea — not a new one at all — took shape some forty years ago, the first idea was to join by dams the great islands of the Texel, Vlieland, Terschelling, and

Ameland to each other and to the mainland at each end; the total length of dams required for this would have been only the same as that from Wieringen to the Friesland coast, and it would of course have reclaimed from the sea about half as much again as the present plan; but the tide going in and out through these openings four times daily, with tremendous strength, and in enormous volume, could not be coped with. It had hollowed out deep channels between the islands, from which it was considered vain to attempt to dislodge it. Even the innate and acquired facility of Mynheer van Dunck for dealing with the watery (as well as the spirituous) element, was not good enough to war with nature on these terms, and he had to fall back — and he had a broad back to fall on — upon the plan we have indicated, which held a medium between the island proposed and another for beginning at the south of the sea, and gradually damming and pumping northwards. The Batavian instinct would appear to have led Mynheer on the right track. The quantity of tidal water is diminishing in an increasing ratio, while the sand and silt are raising the land inside and the environs of the dam itself.

As soon as it is considered that the proper time has come the dam will be raised more rapidly, so as to exclude the tides altogether, and then the work will enter upon its second stage. When it does so it is intended to go easy. There will be no hurry, both because slow means

steady, and to avoid putting on the market all at once such an enormous quantity of land as nearly a million acres — the size of a large English county. Subsidiary dams will be erected, and the water pumped out into the sea. It is said that in a few years all traces of salt will have vanished. The land, it is said, will not be worth less than two thousand guildens per hectare (2·47 acres). The cost of the whole affair is estimated (not by ship canal officials, but by calculating, though not flying, Dutchmen) at one hundred and ninety million guilden, so that, if only two hundred and fifty thousand hectares (it may be three hundred and fifty thousand) are recovered, it will cost seven hundred and sixty gulden per hectare. Profit £185 per acre, or more than forty-five millions of pounds sterling. This is making allowance for outlets of the Yssel and other rivers, and of the Amsterdam Canal, and for deep places which cannot be drained, but will remain as lakes. Possibly when the plan is thus completed it may be possible eventually to extend it in the way contemplated by the island scheme. Even if not, it will add more than a tenth to the present area of the little kingdom, and contribute doubtlessly to its general wealth and progress in other manners than by the mere creation of so much land, valuable as it is in this respect. We believe it is the intention of the government, which is, of course, doing the work, to invite public subscription of capital in some form.

SOUNDS FOCUSED BY SHIPS' SAILS. — The widespread sails of a ship, when rendered concave by a gentle breeze, are most excellent conductors of sound. The celebrated Dr. Arnott relates the following circumstance as a practical proof of this assertion: A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away. Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their mates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds. Several months

afterward, upon returning to Brazil, some of the listeners determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard, the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints. Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had travelled a distance of upward of one hundred miles over the smooth water, and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard. This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that it has often happened under somewhat similar circumstances.

